HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXIII.—No. 1154.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1879, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"EVERY DOG" (NO DISTINCTION OF COLOR) "HAS HIS DAY."

Red Gentleman to Yellow Gentleman. "Pale face 'fraid you crowd him out, as he did me."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1879.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a series of humorous illustrations to a comic poem entitled* "A DOLEFUL TALE," *and other attractions.*

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MR. CONKLING'S RE-ELECTION.

THE perfection of the discipline of the Republican party in New York was signally illustrated in the renomination of Mr. CONKLING. To those who are familiar with the politics of the State the proceedings of the caucus were very significant. The chairman, the mover of the nomination, and the gentleman who immediately seconded it yielded, we presume, not to their convictions or preferences, but to what they felt to be the necessity of the situation. But the unanimity of action does not imply unanimity of feeling. The vital spirit of the Republican party is the spirit of reform and progress. Of that spirit Mr. CONKLING has never been, and can never be, a representative leader. But of the power of mere party organization, or of what is known as the machine, in its most thorough development, he is a recognized chief. His re-election confirms him as the head of the machine; but it does not distinguish him as a leader and illustration of the political methods, purposes, and character which Republicanism represents. His political career has been singularly fortunate; but it is not one which inspires a generous zeal to strive for purer politics and patriotic ends, or which teaches contempt for petty and personal contests. Mr. CONKLING'S great contentions have been with fellow-Republicans. In all his political official life the most important vote which he has been or can be called upon to give—that upon the Louisiana electoral question—he evaded. In the most significant and vital of recent debates—that of the Silver Bill—he was silent; and, according to trusty accounts, broke his apparent apathy only to applaud warmly the most elaborate speech upon the wrong side. Since his speech upon the Electoral Bill his addresses have been mere vehement vituperations in the State Convention of 1877 and in executive session to save the machine of which he is the head, and speeches during the last State campaign, in the result of which he had a personal interest. We certainly do not assert that a man proves real leadership by the number or quality of his speeches. But it is undeniable that the occasions and character of the speeches show the quality of the man and of the leadership. The opposition to Mr. CONKLING in New York, including, like all political opposition, much that is puerile and personal, includes also the disapproval of those whose sympathy and commendation are the highest reward.

It is said, indeed, that the wretched personal wrangles in which Mr. CONKLING has lately engaged are the result of "the war" waged upon him by the Administration. Of this celebrated war, however, it is impossible to find any evidence. In his interview with a reporter of the *Herald* in November, 1877, Mr. CONKLING said: "From the time HAYES came into office, and appointed a Democratic cabinet, the principal labor of little EVARTS and the rest has been to withdraw the Republican support from me." The only signs of "war," however, have been the President's order to the effect that the civil service is a public and not a personal service, and subsequently certain proposed changes in the Custom-house. The theory of "war" can be maintained only by the assumption that it is a wrong to Mr. CONKLING to prevent the national public service in the State of New York from being made an agency for his political benefit, and by the further assumption that if the Administration is dissatisfied with the officers at this port upon public and general grounds, it is still "war" upon Mr. CONKLING to remove or suspend them without his permission. This is, of course, simply ridiculous. The "war" has certainly not been waged by the Administration. It is only necessary to review Mr. CONKLING'S course from the Cincinnati Convention to the tirade of a fortnight ago, in the executive session of the Senate, to see his open, constant, bitter hostility. Before Mr. HAYES became President this feeling was evident. In the single speech that Mr. CONKLING made during the campaign of 1876—and it is not his reproach that he made but one, for he was very seriously ill—he refrained carefully from mentioning the names of the Republican candidates, although one was from his own State. This is a fact, we believe, without precedent in our political history, and it was especially ungracious from a defeated candidate for the nomination. Since the election this spirit has constantly characterized his attitude toward the Administration, so that he has been unable to deny the report in the *World* last spring that he said if the truth of the Louisiana election were known, it would sink the President and the Administration in infamy. Whether this early and evident prejudice against the Republican candidate was due to Mr. CONKLING'S instinctive feeling that the letter of acceptance and the political convictions and associations of the candidate foretold an administration with which he could not sympathize, may be matter of speculation. But the fact, together with his conduct during the winter, and the singular appointment by a Democratic Governor of his friend Mr. SMYTH as Superintendent of Insurance, with his evasion of the vote upon the crucial Louisiana question, was the natural subject of observation and comment, and shows plainly the state of his mind. We presume that no shrewd observer of public affairs doubted that Mr. CONKLING would "make war" upon the Administration unless it showed a disposition to yield to his views. This disposition was soon tested. When Mr. HAYES was declared President a movement was begun by Mr. CONKLING'S especial friends in New York to secure the appointment of one of his warm supporters as Postmaster-General. *Qui facit per alium.* There was no doubt of the meaning of this performance. But instead of Mr. CONKLING'S friend for Postmaster-General, the President preferred Mr. EVARTS for Secretary of State. It is well known that Mr. EVARTS does not enjoy Mr. CONKLING'S favor; and when the President, whose name Mr. CONKLING had not been able to bring himself to mention in his campaign speech, appointed Mr. SCHURZ to the Interior Department, he appointed a gentleman whom, in the Senate, the New York Senator had not liked, and who, after an acrimonious attack by Mr. CONKLING, had replied: "In the paths of duty that I am accustomed to tread I have met more dangerous foes than the Senator from New York." That is not the kind of remark which Mr. CONKLING forgets, and undoubtedly he regarded the selection of such gentlemen for the cabinet as a declaration of "war." But if the President had discarded Mr. EVARTS and Mr. SCHURZ from consideration, and had appointed Mr. PLATT Postmaster-General, and had intrusted the New York patronage to the control of Mr. CONKLING, is it supposed that the Senator would have complained of "war"? "War," then, means only that other Republican counsels are preferred to his. It is unfortunate that as a politician Mr. CONKLING is exasperated and imbittered by contest, so that he seems to regard difference of opinion as "making war" upon him—a war which he wages upon his side with an unbridled invective that secures him among his admirers the reputation of "virile statesmanship." This kind of intolerance in a public man is apt to beget a disposition to treat political associates either as slaves or enemies, and of course it tends to alienate from him a kind of sympathy and support which is very much more honorable than unmeasured adulation.

Mr. CONKLING'S unanimous renomination despite the deep and strong opposition in his own party, the nomination of General LOGAN in Illinois, of Mr. CARPENTER in Wisconsin, of Mr. CAMERON in Pennsylvania, and the defeat of General HAWLEY in Connecticut, are all illustrations of the political situation. It is a time in which parties cohere by the force of tradition chiefly, not by the power of any great principle, nor by the imminence of any paramount issue, and it is at such a time that the power of mere party organization is strongest, and that personal politics are most in the ascendant. The descriptions of the caucus of the New York Republicans were striking to those who are familiar with our State politics. The picture of Messrs. CORNELL, ARTHUR, and SMYTH sitting, as it were, in the imperial seat, and surveying the arena in which certain eminent gentlemen took the leading parts in the nomination of Mr. CONKLING, is the first historic picture in the new Capitol. The amazed spectator will study it in vain to find one solitary figure rising to suggest that acquiescence in the nomination should not be construed as unqualified approval of conduct which imperils the party, or that the whole duty of Republicans was not discharged by voting for the candidate. The gentlemen in the imperial seat, however, must have felt ruefully that a triumph so absolute was portentous. The next contest must be among themselves.

BISMARCK.

THE recent publication of BUSCH'S book upon BISMARCK is a curious revelation of the imperious nature of the famous Prussian statesman. His grim comments upon his eminent contemporaries are very shrewd, and they have the emphasis of his own success. It is interesting, for instance, to compare his estimate of LOUIS NAPOLEON with that made by the Queen and Prince ALBERT, and to see how completely the German comprehended the Frenchman. His view of THIERS, also, is doubtless just in the main, although, of course, the counter-criticism of THIERS upon BISMARCK would be very excellent reading. BISMARCK'S motto, like that of STRAFFORD, is "thorough." He respects a man with a clear purpose who pursues it at every hazard; and, like all men of his size, he looks only at success. If the thing can be done, do it; but if it can not be done, that is the end of it. There is a kind of Berserker energy in his genius, from which moral considerations are as absent as from the constitution of gnomes. His aim has been to weld German states into a German empire. He is the most iron and relentless of conservatives, yet the purpose of his life is to make real the dream of the most passionate radical enthusiasm of the last generation—a Germany which shall not be in the clouds, but on the soil of the father-land.

To accomplish this he does whatever he believes to be necessary, and without the slightest regard for what are thought to be the rights and conditions of liberty. He is not pursuing liberty. He cares nothing about liberty. Liberty is sentimentality. Liberty is a folly of college students and professors. Sensible men and patriotic Germans want a great, united, overpowering Germany. He thinks that the Roman Church interferes with this end, and he smites its organization in Germany with blows like those of a trip-hammer. In England he is denounced for it as if he were annihilating religious liberty, and his reply is that his business is not religious liberty, but German unity. This is the continual key-note; and he would renew any kind of understanding with Rome if by so doing he could promote his purpose. Master of the entire power of the state, and a man of immense practical genius, he uses that power, not to serve ideals of government, not for this or that reform as in itself desirable, but for certain paramount objects of his own—not his own aggrandizement, which is merely incidental. BISMARCK deals with an enormous opposition, of many kinds and many varieties of resource—an opposition which incessantly threatens his work—and he deals with it in the most summary manner. He means, if possible, to carry his will into the imperial chambers, and to suppress debate. It is a tremendous blow at free speech, undoubtedly; but, in his view, if free speech, like religious liberty, interferes with the development of the imperial idea, it must also be put out of the way. When and where this gigantic will will be checked is one of the great problems of European politics.

One of the most experienced and sagacious political observers in Europe, who has himself borne an eminent part in affairs, writes from Germany as follows: "You will have observed that politics do not of late 'run smooth' in this country; but that could really not be expected while the great German Empire is gradually crystallizing, and I think every body must, even at best, expect a tremendous catastrophe before that great fabric can be considered finally and solidly established. While I, for one, never believed in German unity as it is now understood, I willingly admit that under the powerful and intelligent lead of BISMARCK progress is steadily being made toward that end. But where is the statesman competent to take his place when he retires or dies? The prevailing feeling is, at all events, that the decisive trial is still before us, and this feeling weighs heavily upon every body and every thing, and there is wide-spread dissatisfaction. Still the work is being carried on vigorously by the great Chancellor, and our descendants may yet see a new and solid building rise on the ruins of the old confederacy, contrary to the expectations of those (among them THIERS, with whom I once had a most interesting conversation on the subject, and whose views were too elevated not to be impartial) who, like myself, believe the work to be doomed, the whole history, geography, and development of the Germans pointing to confederation, and not to a centralized empire, toward which we are now sliding." Such words, by indirection, suggest the immensity of the task to which BISMARCK has devoted his extraordinary powers. At this distance we may criticise his methods, and we may yet see that his disregard of liberty, from sheer inability to comprehend the constructive force of liberty, will be the secret of his failure.

STATE PRIDE.

MR. DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, who inherits a certain marked loyalty of feeling to his native State of New York, has just read a paper before the Oneida Historical Society upon "Historical Fallacies concerning Colonial New York." Mr. CAMPBELL'S father, Judge W. W. CAMPBELL, of Cherry Valley, is well known for his annals of Tryon County, as the region west of Albany was called in the colonial period, both father and son feeling a natural pride in the State with which their family has been so long associated. No man in New York has done more, or feels more strongly the necessity of doing something, to awaken and confirm loyalty of local feeling than ex-Governor SEYMOUR. It is a subject that he has long had at heart, and for which he has labored faithfully. In his knowledge of the Indian history of the State ex-Governor SEYMOUR is a worthy successor of his official predecessors DE WITT CLINTON and CADWALLADER COLDEN. His tastes, his acquirements, and his opportunities have enabled him to be of great service. He was, we believe, the founder of the Oneida Historical Society, before which Mr. CAMPBELL spoke. The great centennial celebrations of 1877 in New York—that of the beginning of the State government at Kingston, that of the terrible combat at Oriskany, and that of the battles and surrender at Saratoga—owe very much to the energy and interest of Governor SEYMOUR. Apparently withdrawn from active politics, his activity in general public affairs is such as to command the sympathy of all who comprehend the uses of a just and generous pride in the history and the great characters of New York.

New England has always set a shining example in honoring her famous men and deeds. The details of her history and the careers of her chief sons are familiar to all her children. JOHN A. ANDREW, for instance, Governor of Massachusetts, died about a dozen years ago, and already there is a statue of him in his native town. New York is the native city of JOHN JAY, but we do not recall any statue of him here—although there was a serious proposition to erect a statue to WILLIAM M. TWEED. The reasons for the difference of feeling of this kind between different parts of the country are not difficult to comprehend. Even Governor SEYMOUR, in his Kingston letter, mentions the differing sources of our population, while New England was substantially homogeneous. Yet the Dutch were good ancestors of liberty and of education, and Mr. CAMPBELL points out that the New York Bill of Rights is five years earlier in date than that of England, and eight years earlier than that of Massachusetts. On the other hand, in New England the spirit of liberty was so generally diffused that there was less need of formal expression. Mr. CAMPBELL quotes the New York resolutions of 1708, affirming substantially the doctrine of no taxation without representation, "which BANCROFT dismisses with a single line," and he cites several instances of the growing spirit of independence. These things are doubtless true, and it is a wise and timely service to refresh their remembrance. Yet the movement of New York in the Revolution seemed sometimes slow. As directed by the leaders, however, it was unquestionably wise, because it consulted, as sagacious statesmen will always consult, the actual state of opinion. When JOHN ADAMS advised instant separation from Great Britain, JOHN JAY urged one more appeal to the king; and the counsel of JAY was as wise and patriotic as that of ADAMS.

Mr. CAMPBELL holds that New York first fought and won the victory of the colonies over the royal prerogative. But still the king counted upon New York to restore it, and the battle of Long Island seemed to justify his expectation. The recent admirable monograph upon that battle, or, more distinctively, *The Campaign of 1776 around New York and Brooklyn*, by HENRY P. JOHNSTON, published by the Long Island Historical Society, is a valuable and delightful contribution to the Revolutionary history of New York, and a thorough study of its special subject. It throws a side light upon the state of public feeling, especially in that part of the State, which explains some of the grounds of the king's confidence. The Tory population in Kings and Queens counties was so large, says Mr. JOHNSTON, "as to require its suppression by the military and civil power combined." The majority of voters in Queens refused to send delegates to the Provincial Convention in 1775, and as the Long Island Tories supplied provisions to the fleet, and gave aid and comfort generally to the enemy, the Continental Con-

gress ordered the arrest of the leaders. The Provincial Congress dealt with them unsparingly, no one sustaining its action more warmly than JOHN JAY, and WASHINGTON greatly regretted that Congress could not sanction LEE'S proposition to remove the entire Tory population. Now the causes that produced this alienation from the Continental cause explain the condition of public spirit and the sluggish local pride of the State of New York, which Governor SEYMOUR would spur into activity, and which addresses like this of Mr. CAMPBELL tend to correct. It was, perhaps, unfortunate that one of the first and most delightful of native works of literature in New York should have been a laugh at its colonial traditions. But the spirit of Mr. CAMPBELL would soon remedy the charming mischief of Knickerbocker's history.

THE STATE CHARITIES.

THERE is no more efficient body of public officers in New York than the State Board of Charities, whose annual report has just been laid before the Legislature. The importance of the work of the board may be seen at once in the statement of two facts: first, that the number of persons under the charitable care of the State during the last year was 43,712; and second, that the valuation of the property held for charitable purposes in the State is $33,976,762 88, that the total receipts for the year were $7,909,791 22, and the total disbursements for buildings, improvements, supervision, and maintenance were $7,408,753 71. The number of persons relieved is that of the population of a large town; the revenues and expenses are those of a considerable State. But the character and sagacity of the board are such that doubtless, upon the whole, the charities of the State are as carefully superintended as could well be, while assiduous attention constantly enlarges the experience and efficiency of charitable administration.

In a vast State like New York, and in affairs so remote from general knowledge, and even repugnant to general sympathy, as the care of the poor and insane, there will be occasionally the revelation of great and shocking abuses, such as the painful exposures of the Onondaga poor-house and others during the past year. The satisfaction is that with a board thoroughly alive to its work the possibility of concealing and evading abuses becomes constantly less, while, under such leadership, the State and humanity itself are the gainers by the awakening of private sympathy and the stimulus of private co-operation. Indeed, it might be truly said that a public board of charity failed in one of its most important services if its spirit and methods were not such as to produce general interest in its work. The present report shows how much this interest has been developed. The board report a marked improvement throughout the State in the buildings and in their management, and they regard it as largely due to the work of intelligent and benevolent persons who make frequent visits to the institutions, and carefully examine and scrutinize their affairs and management. Some of the visitors act under the authority of the board, but the visits of many others are wholly voluntary. Another important measure and improvement is the removal of all children over two years of age from the poor-houses to families, asylums, and other institutions. This is a direct blow at the growth of a pauper class, and is a vital public benefit. The board justly lays great stress upon this point, holding that nothing does more to relieve the social evils and burdens of pauperism.

The care of the poor insane is a subject which has recently appealed to public sympathy in the disclosures of some sad cases. There are still more than 800 chronic cases in poor-houses to be provided for, and in counties where there is no adequate provision. In some counties immediate relief is demanded, and the board strongly urge that the State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton be devoted to this succor. That institution the board regards as in no sense a public charity, 144 of the 173 inmates of last year being private patients. The Governor in his Message states the case strongly, and we trust that party discussions and party feeling will not prevent timely action upon this subject. The Board of Charities, in arousing public attention to the great work of public charity, will apprise many local communities, which begin to look into the matter, that there are no more wanton abuses and outrageous corruptions than those connected with the county care of the poor. In many counties there are rings formed of leading politicians and county officers which both steal the poor money and prostitute it to personal and party purposes. This is done with the more impunity because of that indifference and ignorance of the community in regard to the care of the poor to which we have already alluded. The Supervisor of Castleton, in Richmond County, recently stated that the cost to the county of dispensing two dollars each, in seventy-seven cases, was two dollars and a half in each case. The county papers in the State could do no better service than to republish some of the more salient facts and recommendations of this report, which would bring them home to the tax-payers, who are otherwise unlikely to see them, but who can not see them without thinking and acting.

FREE SPEECH.

THAT some Illinois Republicans retained and exercised their freedom of speech, and did not yield their convictions to the great majority which in the caucus nominated General LOGAN, is evident from the following article from the Chicago *Tribune:*

"The caucus has passed, LOGAN has been nominated, and, on the assumption that he will be elected, we protest, in behalf of intelligence, principle, and public interest, against this outrage upon the people of Illinois, and upon the Republican party of this State and of the country.

"In the past discussions of this Senatorial election the *Tribune* has labored to arrest what all rational men have foreseen may prove a calamity to the Republican party of this State, as any bold defiance of the intelligence and moral sentiment of the public must always produce. Deeming his election to the United States Senate at this time to be perilous to the party and offensive to public convictions of propriety and general interest, we have felt it to be our duty to make public his record, so that no man in the General Assembly should be able to plead ignorance of the consequences of his vote in electing such a man Senator.

"He has already been tried six years in the Senate, and during all that time he left no record that is honorable to himself or valuable to his party or country. On all great questions requiring knowledge, ability, sound judgment, or statesmanship he was an acknowledged failure. His most noted acts were tampering with the Crédit Mobilier, voting himself $7500 a year for past services, supporting subsidies and claims, and being cheek-by-jowl with the Washington lobby. His illiterate harangues in the Senate made Illinoisans hang their heads in shame, and were so moving as to empty the chamber and fill the smoking-rooms with Senators who declined to listen to twaddle and roar. He was opposed to all reforms in government; he was the embodiment of the worst phase of machine politics, and helped to bring scandal and reproach on GRANT'S Administration; a majority of his appointments turned out to be corrupt and faithless, a number were indicted, some fled the country, others escaped through flaws of the law, many passed under a cloud, and some, who are out on bail, have yet to be tried.

"It is such men, and the class of politicians to which they belong, in and out of the Legislature, who have secured him the caucus nomination. The people of Illinois, and especially those who are Republicans from principle, will never approve this election, nor pardon those who may inflict this outrage on the party, or bring this disgrace on the State, and this humiliation in the eyes of the country."

THE CAUCUS.

So strong was the feeling for General HAWLEY in Connecticut that there was a disposition among many of his friends in the Legislature to bolt the caucus nomination, and to unite with the Democrats—if practicable—or, in any case, to bolt and run for luck. When General HAWLEY heard of it, he wrote a letter to one of his chief friends defining his view of the honorable understanding of caucus obligation. The General holds that a caucus binds every man who takes part in it, unless dishonorable methods have been used to secure the nomination, or unless the candidate selected be unworthy. By unworthy we understand him to mean not comparative fitness or capacity, but personal unworthiness. This is a fair view of the caucus obligation. It is sufficiently elastic, because when the result is a foregone conclusion, a man may reserve his independence in the final vote by not attending the caucus. If it be not a foregone conclusion, and it is only a question of preference between worthy persons, it must be assumed that every man would rather waive his mere personal preference than risk his party ascendency.

A better plan than the caucus, however, is an independent vote in the Legislature. The minority can not elect a candidate except by the adhesion of some of the majority, and every member of the majority may be trusted to vote for some candidate of his own party association. The law commanding an election at a certain time would compel differences to be composed, and the result would be that the real sentiment and preference of members would be shown, and the party result no more endangered than it is now. The power of a caucus may be so readily abused, and the temptation to cowardice is always so strong, that every thing which tends to reveal real opinion and to promote courage should be carefully fostered.

Meanwhile General HAWLEY'S friends are not confined to Connecticut. They are to be found in every State where there is respect for great ability and the highest character, and for political experience, vigor, and independence. He is a type of the genuine, not of the pinchbeck, "stalwart Republican."

A PRIMER OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

WE commended warmly last summer a *Primer of German Literature*, by Mrs. HELEN S. CONANT—a charming volume of the "Half-hour Series"—and we have now to welcome as warmly a *Primer of Spanish Literature*, from the same graceful hand. It is a delightful bird's-eye view of a literature less familiar than the German, but full of romance and interest. There are elaborate histories of Spanish literature—TICKNOR'S and BOUTERWEK'S—but they are works for the student. This little book of Mrs. CONANT'S covers the whole general range of Spanish literary history from the charter of Aviles, in Asturias, the oldest Spanish document, down to CASTELAR and his glowing orations and florid books; yet, with admirable skill, she gives us cabinet portraits of all the famous authors—of CERVANTES, of LOPE DE VEGA—so that the reader is really instructed, and the student's knowledge is refreshed. If there are still among Spanish authors too many devotees of the old Castilian style of story, intrigue, jealousy, duels, and murders, yet the author finds Spanish literature progressive, and anticipates a literary era for the Peninsula broad, liberal, and of rich imagination. The little book is one of the best of the Primers.

PERSONAL.

DR. CARNOCHAN'S *Contributions to Comparative Surgery and Surgical Pathology*, now in course of publication by HARPER & BROTHERS, is made the subject of an elaborate and careful criticism in the New York *Herald*. The subject of Shock and Collapse is considered at much length, and when completed will, as the reviewer says, "supply the most complete, and indeed the only, elaborate treatise on this topic in the English language; and when it is remembered that this treatise is from the hand of a surgeon of Dr. CARNOCHAN'S experience, culture, tact, and skill, its value in a scientific as well as in a literary point of view will be appreciated in the professional world."

—The Rev. BARTHOLOMEW WEED, who died on the 5th of January in Newark, New Jersey, was one of the oldest clergymen in that State. He was born in Danbury, Connecticut, in 1793, entered the Methodist ministry in 1817, from which time until 1863, a period of forty-six years, he was active in his clerical duties.

—Mr. ORVILLE H. PLATT, the new United States Senator from Connecticut, resides in Meriden. He is fifty-one years old, a native of Litchfield, and a lawyer of acknowledged ability. His chief competitor, General HAWLEY, who came within three votes of receiving the caucus nomination, speaks of him as a man who will fill the position with credit. Mr. PLATT'S first prominent appearance in public life was as Secretary of State, in 1857-58, during Governor HOLLEY'S administration. In 1861-62 he was a Senator from the Sixth District; in 1864 and 1869 he was in the House, the latter year being elected Speaker. He is a gentleman of most honorable character, sound judgment, well-balanced mind, familiarity with political affairs, and much sagacity in conducting them. He is sound in principle, an antislavery man and Republican from his boyhood, a good-hard-money man, and sure to have convictions and follow them.

—Mr. HENRY HUTH, who died recently in London, was one of the best-known book-collectors in England. His library in mere magnitude is said to be something to wonder at. He was opulent, and devoted his life to book-buying. It was his habit to look into three or four book-shops every afternoon. Not long since it occurred to him to ascertain what his books had cost him. He had kept every bill. They amounted to $600,000. Shrewd dealers used to lie in wait for him, but he too was shrewd, and they seldom got the best of him. This extraordinary library has been left absolutely to his widow, who will have it catalogued, and great interest is felt among literary men as to what will become of it.

—The London correspondent of the New York *Times* mentions WILKIE COLLINS as one of the favorite authors of Queen VICTORIA, sharing this honor with only two or three more in the field of fiction. It is of course very flattering to an author to be thus distinguished by so exalted a personage as the Queen of England, especially when her judgment confirms that of the great majority of English-reading people throughout the world. The novels of Mr. COLLINS enjoy an almost unexampled popularity, and are to be found in some form in almost every household. The great demand for his stories has induced the HARPERS to include his strong and most fascinating novel *Man and Wife* in their "Franklin Square Library." In this form, making 113 pages, it is sold at the low price of fifteen cents. It is printed in clear, readable type, on good paper, and is a marvel of cheapness. This is the largest volume, with respect to the number of pages, that has yet appeared in the "Franklin Square Library."

—Mr. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, Philadelphia's distinguished banker, alike well known for his great wealth and large though unostentatious benevolence, has recently been interested in building in the outskirts of Philadelphia 385 small houses for working-people, which are sold to them on the lowest terms and the most easy payment, so that the humblest working-man by industry can hope to have a neat and comfortable home. There could not be a more beautiful charity.

—The London School Board has appointed Miss LOFVING, at a salary of $1500 a year, as superintendent of "physical education" in the girls' schools.

—General JAMES SHIELDS, who has been elected to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate occasioned by the death of Senator BOGY, is sixty-nine years old, born in Ireland, and came to this country in 1826. Probably no man in the country has had a more varied public life than he. He was a member of the Illinois House of Representatives in 1836; State Auditor in '39; Judge of the Supreme Court in '43; Commissioner of the General Land Office from '45 to '47; appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers in '46, and served throughout the Mexican war, receiving several wounds in the battles of Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec; served as United States Senator from Illinois from '49 to '55; elected United States Senator from Minnesota, serving one year from May 12, '58; was appointed Brigadier-General in the Union army in '61, and served until '62, when he was dangerously wounded in the battle of Winchester, which he won, and in '77 was appointed Adjutant-General of Missouri. In 1878 he was defeated as a candidate for door-keeper of the House of Representatives, and Congress then recognized his services by increasing his pension to $100 a month.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS: The House, January 18, by a vote of 113 to 93, passed the Geneva Award Bill as reported by the minority of the committee. It revives and continues the Court of Commissioners of Alabama Claims, fixes the number of judges at three, and limits its existence to eighteen months. The first class of claims is to be those described in section 11 of the former act, and claims for damages directly done by Confederate cruisers on the high seas, although within four miles of the shore. In cases of whaling vessels, ten per cent. additional is to be allowed in lieu of freight, and the same allowance is to be made (with six per cent. interest) on judgments heretofore rendered in favor of whaling vessels. The second class of claims is to be for two per cent. additional interest on former judgments. On all judgments to be hereafter rendered the interest allowed is to be six per cent. The third class of claims is to be for the payment of premiums for war risks, deductions to be made of any sums paid back in diminution of such premiums, so that only the actual loss shall be allowed. The Secretary of the Treasury is directed to pay (without further adjudication by any court) the ten per cent. upon whaling vessels and their outfit (with six per cent. interest) on awards heretofore made, and also to pay two per cent. additional interest on all judgments heretofore made. —On the 20th, in the Senate, resolutions which had been agreed upon in the Democratic caucus were offered as a substitute for Mr. Edmunds's resolutions, reciting, in effect, that the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth amendments are as binding as any other part of the Constitution, and declaring that the punishment of violators of election rights rests with the State governments, and not with the United States. —On the 21st, on the motion of Mr. Potter, the House voted to investigate the cipher telegrams. The House also passed the Post Route Bill.—On the 22d, the Refunding Bill from the Senate passed the House. It simply provides that private individuals may exchange their five or six per cent. bonds with the Treasury at par, and receive interest for three months, the same as national banks and syndicates. The Senate passed the Naval Appropriation Bill.—On the 23d, both Houses agreed to the conference committee's report on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, amounting to $1,087,835. The Army and Post-office Appropriation bills were reported to the House. The former amounts to $26,747,300, and the latter to $34,960,343.

Nine United States Senators were elected by the Legislatures of their respective States, January 21, as follows: Roscoe Conkling, New York; J. D. Cameron, Pennsylvania; John A. Logan, Illinois; O. H. Platt, Connecticut; Z. B. Vance, North Carolina; General James Shields (short term) and G. G. Vest (long term), Missouri; Wilkinson Call, Florida; D. W. Voorhees, Indiana.

The fugitive Cheyennes were overtaken by our troops forty-five miles from Fort Robinson, January 22. An attempt to capture them led to a fight, in which twenty-three Indians and three soldiers were killed. Only twenty of the Cheyennes remain at large.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A TELEGRAM from Candahar, dated January 8, says: "The last troops of the advance of Generals Stewart's and Biddulph's forces have filed out of the Cabool gate of Candahar. Not a shot was fired, nor did any contretemps of any kind occur, prior to entering the city. We have captured the post arriving from Herat for the late Governor of Ghuznee, and Khelati Ghilzai is reported to be without a garrison. It is said that anarchy prevails at Cabool." An official dispatch says that Kohistani chiefs attempted to create a disturbance and plunder Cabool, but Yakoob Khan induced them to withdraw. The Ghilzai chiefs are urging Yakoob Khan to make friends with the British. Afghan deserters confirm the reports of the disorganization of their army. There had been slight marauding disturbances in the Khojuk Pass, but the marauders were punished.—Intelligence has reached Calcutta that a Russian steamer has made its way up the river Oxus and beyond the Afghan frontier.

The *Agence Russe* states that the proposal to extend the functions of the commission for the organization of Eastern Roumelia has received the assent of all the powers, and such prolongation does not constitute a violation of the Treaty of Berlin. The Russian administration of the government of Eastern Roumelia also is thus prolonged until the labors of the organization commission are concluded.

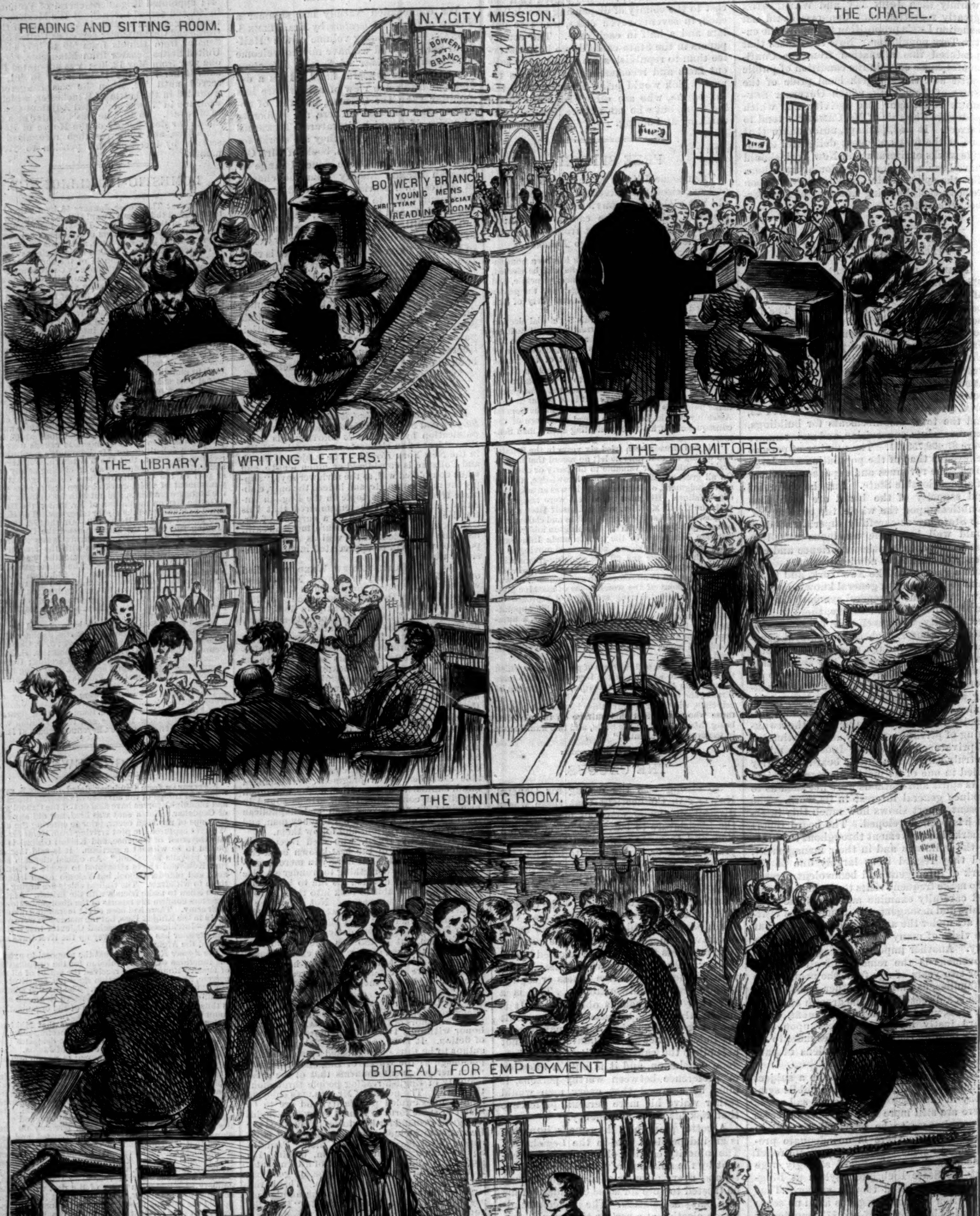
Reuter's dispatch from Athens says that Mukhtar Pasha has decided on Janina as the meeting-place of the Frontier Commission. The Greek delegates will be instructed to insist on the cession of Janina. The Greek journals urge the government to remain firm on this point.

In the Italian Senate, January 21, Signor Depretis, in replying to an interpellation, declared that the government's foreign policy sought to ameliorate the condition of Christians in Turkey, and to loyally co-operate in the complete execution of the Treaty of Berlin. He stated that the accusations of Russophilism, and of a desire to acquire Albania, or fresh territory on the shore of the Mediterranean, were unfounded, and asserted that the confidence of the powers in Italy was undiminished.—Advices from Belgrade are to the effect that Colonel Gola, the Italian member of the Servian Boundary Commission, was robbed and murdered by Turkish brigands near Plevna.—The Italian Senate, January 22, adopted an order of the day, which was accepted by the cabinet, to the effect that in order to uphold the national prestige and institutions it is necessary not only loyally to observe treaties, but also to see that the internal policy does not disturb the financial equilibrium or military organization. The foregoing is considered to imply censure of the policy of the late Cairoli cabinet.—The Italian Minister of Public Worship said in the Senate, January 23, that the government would pursue a policy of moderation toward the Pope.

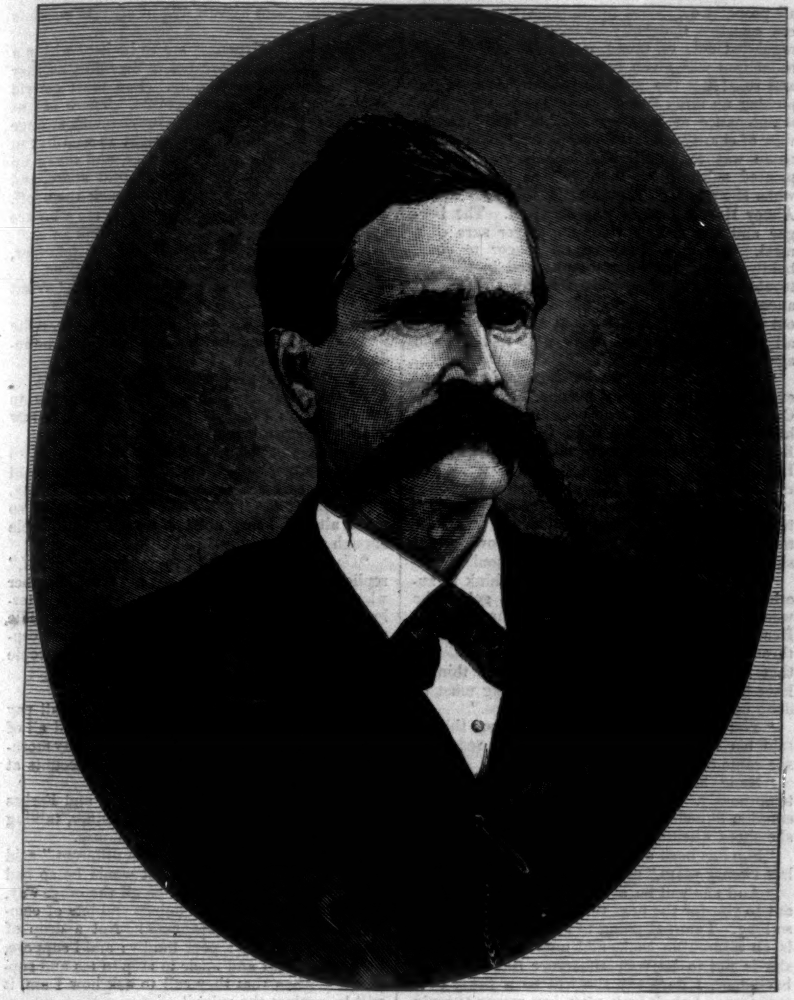
The political crisis in France was settled, January 20, by a compromise between the government and the members of the Left, and a vote of confidence was passed by the Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 223 to 121. The resolution adopted was as follows: "That the Chamber, trusting that the ministry will not fail to give satisfaction, notably in regard to the administrative and judicial staff, passes to the order of the day." The Right abstained from voting. M. Teisserenc de Bort has resigned the Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce.

The Lower House of the Prussian Diet, on the 23d, adopted a resolution adverse to Bismarck's Parliamentary Discipline Bill.

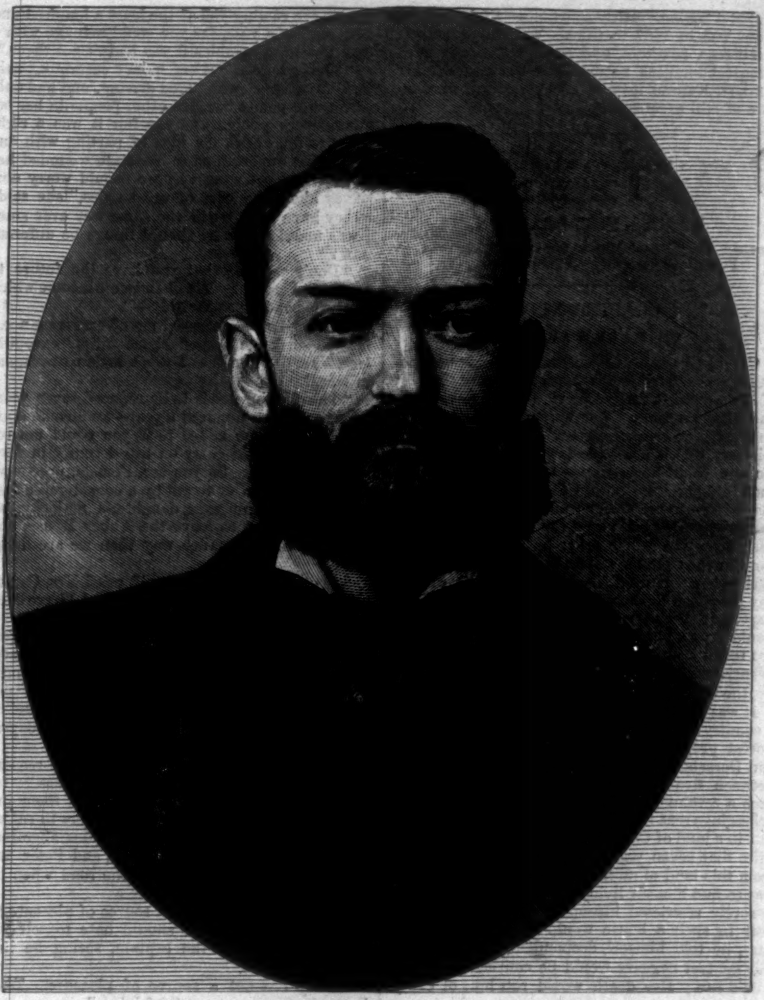
It is reported that a majority of the people of Venezuela have risen in favor of Guzman Blanco, who was momentarily expected to arrive at St. Thomas from Europe. Puerto Cabello is in possession of the revolutionists, and the government forces are shelling the town, destroying many lives and much property.



HELPING THE POOR—THE BOWERY BRANCH OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—From Sketches by C. A. Keetels.—[See Page 110.]



THE HON. JOHN P. ST. JOHN, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS.—[Photographed by Z. T. Bastian.]

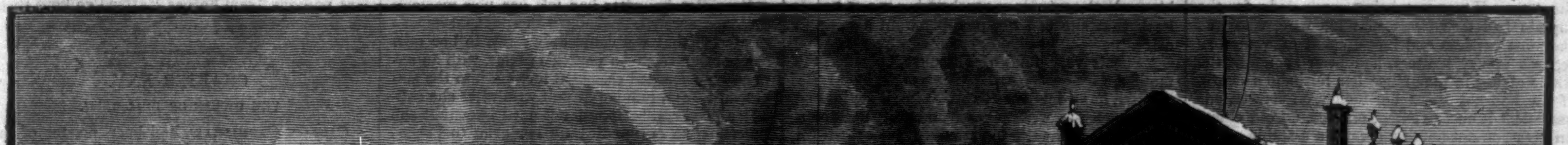


THE LATE JOHN BLAIR SCRIBNER.—Photographed by Kurtz.—[See Page 107.]

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, OF KANSAS.

On this page we give the portrait of the Hon. John P. St. John, the new Governor of Kansas, with a sketch of the inauguration ceremonies, which took place at Topeka on the 13th of January. This was the first public inauguration of State officers that had taken place in Kansas, and it attracted a large concourse of people from every part of the commonwealth. The day was bitterly cold, and, as shown in our sketch, the trees in the square about the State-house were covered with spangles of silvery frost; but although the ceremonies took place in the open air, nothing could chill the enthusiasm of the audience.

The new Governor spoke with just pride of the progress and prosperity of Kansas. Eighteen years have elapsed since this State was admitted to the Union, and during that period her citizens have exhibited great enterprise and sagacity in the work of developing her vast natural resources, in building railways, and in providing for popular education. Fourteen years ago the population of Kansas was only 136,000 souls; it is now 900,000. Her first mile of railway was laid in 1863; she now boasts of more than 2300 miles of these highways of commerce



THE FIRST PUBLIC INAUGURATION OF A GOVERNOR IN KANSAS, JANUARY 13, 1879—THE STATE-HOUSE IN TOPEKA.—[From a Sketch by H. Worrall.]

and civilization. Her school-houses have grown from 703 in 1867 to 4520. With a population intelligent, patriotic, and enterprising, and with almost boundless natural resources within her borders, Kansas may well look forward to a future of still greater prosperity.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON HALF RATIONS.

Captain Carmichael entered upon his new position with a fixed determination to make the best of it, and with a very clear view of its advantages and disadvantages. For seven years he was to be master of every thing—or his wife was to be mistress, which, in his mind, was exactly the same. No one could question his use of the entire income arising from Squire Tempest's estates during that period. When Violet came of age—on her twenty-fifth birthday—the estates were to be passed over to her in toto; but there was not a word in the squire's will as to the income arising during her minority. Nor had the squire made any provision in the event of his daughter's marriage. If Violet were to marry to-morrow, she would go to her husband penniless. He would not touch a sixpence of her fortune till she was twenty-five. If she were to die during her minority, the estate would revert to her mother.

It was a very nice estate, taken as a sample of a country squire's possessions. Besides the New Forest property, there were farms in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, the whole yielding an income of between five and six thousand a year. With such a revenue, and the Abbey House and all its belongings rent free, Captain Carmichael felt himself in a land of Canaan. But then there was the edict that seven years hence he was to go forth from this land of milk and honey, or, at any rate, was to find himself living at the Abbey House on a sorely restricted income. Fifteen hundred a year in such a house would mean genteel beggary, he told himself, despondently. And even this genteel beggary would be contingent on his wife's life. Her death would rob him of every thing.

He had a mind given to calculation, and he entered upon the closest calculations as to his future. He meant to enjoy life, of course. He had always done that to the best of his ability. But he saw that the chief duty he owed to himself was to save money; to lay by against the evil inevitable day when Violet Tempest would despoil him of power and wealth. The only way to do this was by the cutting down of present expenses, and an immediate narrowing of the lines on which the Abbey House was being conducted; for the captain had discovered that his wife, who was the most careless and incompetent of women as regards money matters, had been spending the whole of her income since her husband's death. If she had not spent her money on society, she had spent it on travelling, on lace, on old china, on dress, on hot-house flowers, on a stable which was three times larger than she could possibly require, on a household in which there were a good many more cats than were wanted to catch mice, on bounties and charities that were given upon no principle, not even from inclination, but only because Squire Tempest's widow had never been able to say no.

Captain Carmichael's first retrenchment had been the sale of Bullfinch, for which noble animal Lord Mallow—a young Irish viscount—had given a check for three hundred guineas. This money the captain put on deposit at his banker's, by way of a nest-egg. He meant it to grow into something worth investing before those seven fat years were half gone.

He told his wife his views on the financial question one morning when they were breakfasting *tête-à-tête* in the library, where the squire and his family had always dined when there was no company. Captain and Mrs. Carmichael generally had the privilege of breakfasting alone, as Violet was up and away before her mother appeared. The captain also was an early riser, and had done half his day's work before he sat down to the luxurious ten-o'clock breakfast with his wife.

"I have been thinking of your ponies, pet," he said, in a pleasant voice, half careless, half caressing, as he helped himself to a salmon cutlet. "Don't you think it would be a very wise thing to get rid of them?"

"Oh, Conrad!" cried his wife, letting the water from the urn overflow the tea-pot in her astonishment, "you can't mean that! Part with my ponies?"

"My dear love, how often do you drive them in a twelvemonth?"

"Not very often, perhaps. I have felt rather nervous driving lately—carts and great wagon-loads of hay come out upon one so suddenly from cross-roads. I don't think the wagoners would care a bit if one were killed. But I am very fond of my gray ponies. They are so pretty. They have quite Arabian heads. Colonel Carteret says so, and he has been in Arabia."

"But, my dear Pamela, do you think it worth while keeping a pair of ponies because they are pretty, and because Colonel Carteret, who knows about as much of a horse as I do of a Megalosaurus, says they have Arabian heads? Have you ever calculated what those ponies cost you?"

"No, Conrad; I should hate myself if I were always calculating the cost of things."

"Yes, that's all very well in the abstract. But if you are inclined to waste money, it's just as well to know how much you are wasting. Those ponies are costing you at the least a hundred and fifty pounds a year, for you could manage with a man less in the stables if you hadn't got them."

"That's a good deal of money certainly," said Mrs. Carmichael, who hated driving, and had only driven her ponies because other people in her position drove ponies, and she felt it was a right thing to do. Still, the idea of parting with any thing that appertained to her state wounded her deeply. "I can't see why we should worry ourselves about the cost of the stables," she said; "they have gone on in the same way ever since I was married. Why should things be different now?"

"Don't you see that you have the future to consider, Pamela? This handsome income which you are spending so lavishly—"

"Edward never accused me of extravagance," interjected Mrs. Carmichael, tearfully, "except in lace. He did hint that I was a little extravagant in lace."

"This fine income is to be reduced seven years hence to fifteen hundred a year—an income upon which, with mine added to it, you could not expect to be able to carry on life decently in such a house as this. So you see, Pamela, unless we contrive between us to put by a considerable sum of money before your daughter's majority, we shall be obliged to leave the Abbey House, and live in a much smaller way than we are living now."

"Leave the Abbey House!" cried Mrs. Carmichael, with a horrified look. "Conrad, I have lived in this house ever since I was married."

"Am I not aware of that, my dear love? But, all the same, you would have to let this place, and live in a much smaller house, if you had only fifteen hundred a year to live upon."

"It would be too humiliating! At the end of one's life! I should never survive such a degradation."

"It may be prevented if we exercise reasonable economy during the next seven years."

"Sell my ponies, then, Conrad; sell them immediately. Why should we allow them to eat us out of house and home? Frisky shies abominably if she is the least bit fresh, and Peter has gone so far as to lie down in the road when he has had one of his lazy fits."

"But if they are really a source of pleasure to you, my dear Pamela, I should hate myself for selling them," said the captain, seeing he had gained his point.

"They are not a source of pleasure. They have given me some awful frights."

"Then we'll send them up to Tattersall's immediately, with the carriage."

"Violet uses the carriage with Titmouse," objected Mrs. Carmichael. "We could hardly spare the carriage."

"My love, if I part with your ponies from motives of economy, do you suppose I would keep a pony for your daughter?" said the captain, with a grand air. "No; Titmouse must go, of course. That will dispose of a man and a boy in the stables. Violet spends so much of her life on horseback that she can not possibly want a pony to drive."

"She is very fond of Titmouse," pleaded the mother.

"She has a tendency to lavish her affections on quadrupeds—a weakness which hardly needs fostering. I shall write to Tattersall about the three ponies this morning; and I shall send up that great raking brown horse Bates rides at the same time. Bates can ride one of my hunters. That will bring down the stable to five horses—my two hunters, Arion, and your pair of carriage-horses."

"Five horses," sighed Mrs. Carmichael, pensively; "I shall hardly know those great stables with only five horses in them. The dear old place used to look so pretty and so full of life when I was first married, and when the squire used to coax me to go with him on his morning rounds. The horses used to move on one side, and turn their heads so prettily at the sound of his voice—such lovely, sleek, shining creatures, with big intelligent eyes."

"You would be a richer woman if it had not been for those lovely, sleek, shining creatures," said Captain Carmichael. "And now, love, let us go round the gardens, and you will see the difference that young able-bodied gardeners are making in the appearance of the place."

Mrs. Carmichael gave a feeble little sigh as she rose and rang the bell for Pauline. The good old gray-haired gardeners—the men who had seemed to her as much a part of the gardens as the trees that grew in them—these hoary and faithful servants had been cashiered to make room for two brawny young Scotchmen, whose dialect was as Greek to the mistress of the Abbey House. It wounded her not a little to see these strangers at work in her grounds. It gave an aspect of strangeness to her very life out-of-doors. She hardly cared to go into her conservatories or to loiter on her lawn, with those hard, unfamiliar eyes looking at her. And it wrung her heart to think of the squire's old servants thrust out in their old age, unpensioned, uncared for. Yet this was a change that had come about with her knowledge, and seemingly with her consent. That is to say, the captain had argued her into a corner, where she stood, like the last forlorn king in a game of draughts, fenced round and hemmed in by opponent kings. She had not the strength of mind to assert herself boldly and say, "I will not have it so. This injustice shall not be."

A change had come over the spirit of the Abbey House kitchen which was sorely felt in Beechdale and those half-dozen clusters of cottages within a two-mile radius which called themselves villages, and all of which had turned to the Abbey House for light and comfort, as the sunflower turns to the sun. Captain Carmichael had set his face against what he called miscellaneous charity. Such things should be done and no other. His wife should subscribe liberally to all properly organized institutions—schools, Dorcas societies, maternity societies, soup kitchens, regulated dole of bread or coals, every form of relief that was given systematically and by line and rule; but the good Samaritan business, the picking up stray travellers and paying for their maintenance at inns, was not in the captain's view of charity. Henceforward Mrs. Carmichael's name was to appear with due honor upon all printed subscription lists, just as it had done when she was Mrs. Tempest, but the glory of the Abbey House kitchen was departed. The beggar and the cadger were no longer sure of a meal. The villagers were no longer to come boldly asking for what they wanted in time of trouble—broth, wine, jelly for the sick, allowances of new milk, a daily loaf when father was out of work, broken victuals at all times. It was all over. The kitchen doors were to be closed against all intruders.

"My love, I do not wonder that you have spent every sixpence of your income," said Captain Carmichael. "You have been keeping an Irish household. I can fancy an O'Donoghue or a Knight of Gwynne living in this kind of way, but I should hardly have expected such utter riot and recklessness in an English gentleman's house."

"I am afraid Trimmer has been rather extravagant," assented Mrs. Carmichael. "I have trusted every thing to her entirely, knowing that she is quite devoted to us, poor dear soul."

"She is so devoted that I should think in another year or so, at the rate she was going, she would have landed you in the bankruptcy court. Her books for the last ten years—I have gone through them carefully—show an expenditure that is positively ruinous. However, I think I have let her see that her housekeeping must be done upon very different lines in future."

"You made her cry very bitterly, poor thing," said his wife. "Her eyes were quite red when she came out of your study."

"Made her cry!" echoed the captain, contemptuously. "She is so fat that the slightest emotion liquefies her. It isn't water but oil that she sheds when she makes believe to weep."

"She has been a faithful servant to me for the last twenty years," moaned Mrs. Carmichael.

"And she will be a much more faithful servant to you for the next twenty years, if she lives so long. I am not going to send her away. She is an admirable cook, and now she knows that she is not to let your substance run out at the back-door, I dare say she will be a fairly good manager. I shall look after her rather sharply, I assure you. I was caterer for our mess three years, and I know pretty well what a household ought to cost per head."

"Oh, Conrad!" cried his wife, piteously, "you talk of us as if we were an institution, or a work-house, or something horrid."

"My love, a man of sense ought to be able to regulate a private establishment at least as well as a board of thick-headed guardians can regulate a work-house."

Poor Mrs. Trimmer had left her new master's presence sorely bowed down in spirit. She was so abased that she could only retire to her own snug sitting-room—a panelled parlor, with an ancient ivy-wreathed casement looking into the stable-yard—and indulge herself with what she called "a good cry." It was not until later that she felt equal to communicating her grief to Forbes and Pauline, over the one-o'clock dinner.

She had had a passage of arms, which she denominated "a stand further," with the captain; but it appeared that her own stand had been feeble. He had been going over the housekeeping accounts for the last ten years—accounts which neither the squire nor his wife had ever taken the trouble to examine—accounts honestly but somewhat carelessly and unskillfully made out. There had been an expenditure that was positively scandalous, Captain Carmichael told Mrs. Trimmer.

"If you're dissatisfied, Sir, perhaps I'd better go," the old woman said, tremulous with indignation. "If you think there's any thing dishonest in my accounts, I wouldn't sleep under this roof another night, though it's been my home near upon forty year—I was kitchen-maid in old Squire Tempest's time. No, I wouldn't stay another hour, not to be doubted."

"I have not questioned your honesty, Trimmer. The accounts are honest enough, I have no doubt, but they show a most unjustifiable waste of money."

"If there's dissatisfaction in your mind, Sir, we'd better part. It's always best for both parties. I'm ready to go at an hour's notice, or to stay my month, if it's more convenient to my mistress."

"You are a silly old woman," said the captain. "I don't want you to go. I am not dissatisfied with you, but with the whole system of housekeeping. There has been a great deal too much given away."

"Not a loaf of bread without my mistress's knowledge," cried Trimmer. "I always told Mrs. Tempest every morning who'd been for soup, or wine, or bread—yes, even to broken victuals—the day before. I had her leave and license for all I did. 'I'm not strong enough to see to the poor things myself, Trimmer,' she used to say, 'but I want them cared for. I leave it all to you.'"

"Very well, Trimmer. That kind of thing must cease from this hour. Your mistress will contribute to all the local charities. She will give the vicar an allowance of wine to be distributed by him in urgent cases; but this house will no longer be the village larder—no one is to come to this kitchen for any thing."

"What, Sir?—not in case of sickness?"

"No. Poor people are always sick. It is their normal state, when there is any thing to be got by sickness. There are hospitals and infirmaries for such cases. My house is not to be an infirmary. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir; I understand that every thing is to be different from what it was in my late master's time."

"Precisely. Expenses are to be kept within a certain limit. They are not to fluctuate, as they do in these books of yours. You must get rid of two or three women-servants. There are at least three too many. I am always seeing strange faces about up stairs. One might as well live in a hotel. Think it over, Trimmer, and make up your mind as to which you can best spare, and give them a month's wages and pack them off. I don't care to have servants about me who are under notice to quit. They always look sulky."

"Is that all, Sir?" inquired the housekeeper, drying her angry tears upon her linen apron.

"Well, yes, that is all at present. Stay. What wages has my wife given you?"

"Sixty pounds a year," replied Trimmer, quite prepared to be told that her stipend was to be reduced.

"Then I shall give you seventy."

At this unexpected grace Trimmer began to tremble with an excess of indignation. She saw in this bounty a bribe to meanness.

"Thank you, Sir; but I have never asked to have my wages raised, and I am quite contented to remain as I am," she answered, with dignity. "Perhaps, if the ways of the house are to be so much altered, I may not feel myself comfortable enough to stay."

"Oh, very well, my good soul; please yourself," replied the captain, carelessly; "but remember what I have told you about cadgers and interlopers, and get rid of two or three of those idle young women. I shall examine your housekeeping accounts weekly, and pay all the trades-people weekly."

"They have not been used to it, Sir."

"Then they must get used to it. I shall pay every account weekly—corn merchant and all of them. Bring me up your book on Saturday morning at ten, and let me have all other accounts at the same time."

Here was a revolution. Trimmer and Forbes and Pauline sat long over their dinner, talking about the shipwreck of a fine old house.

"I knew that things would be different," said Pauline, "but I didn't think it would be so bad as this. I thought it would be all the other way, and that there'd be grand doings and lots of company. What awful meanness! Not a drop of soup to be given to a poor family; and I suppose, if I ask my aunt and uncle to stop to tea and supper, any when that they call to ask how I am, it will be against the rules."

"From what I gather, there's not a bite nor a sup to be given to mortal," said Mrs. Trimmer, solemnly.

"Well, thank Providence, I can afford to buy a bit of tea and sugar and a quart loaf when a friend drops in," said Pauline; "but the meanness isn't any less disgusting. He'll want her to sell her cast-off dresses to the second-hand dealers, I shouldn't wonder."

"And he'll be asking for the keys of the cellars, perhaps," said Forbes, "after I've kept them for five-and-twenty years."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE OWNER OF BULLFINCH.

Captain Carmichael had been master of the Abbey House three months, and there had been no open quarrel between him and Violet Tempest. Vixen had been cold as marble, but she had been civil. For her mother's sake she had held her peace. She remembered what Roderick Vawdrey had said about her duty, and had tried to do it, difficult as that duty was to the girl's undisciplined nature. She had even taken the loss of Titmouse very quietly—her father's first gift, the pony that had carried her when she was a seven-year-old huntress with tawny hair flowing loose under her little velvet toque. She gave no expression to her indignation at the sale of this old favorite, as she had done in the case of Bullfinch. If she wept for him, her tears were shed in secret. She took the sale of her pet almost as a matter of course.

"The captain thinks we have too many horses and ponies, dear; and you know dear papa was a little extravagant about his stables," said her mother, apologetically, when she announced the fate of Titmouse; "but of course Arion will always be kept for you."

"I am glad of that, mamma," Vixen answered, gravely. "I should be sorry to part with the last horse papa gave me, as well as with the first."

To the captain himself Vixen said no word about her pony, and he made no apology for or explanation of his conduct. He acted as if Heaven had made him lord of the Abbey House and all its belongings in his cradle, and as if his wife and her daughter were accidental and subordinate figures in the scene of his life.

Despite the era of retrenchment which the new master had inaugurated, things at the Abbey House had never been done with so much dignity and good style. There had been a slipshod ease, an old-fashioned liberality in the housekeeping during the squire's reign, which had in some measure approximated to the popular idea of an Irish household. Now all was done by line and rule, and according to the latest standard of perfection. There was no new fashion in Belgravia—from a brand of Champagne to the shape of a menu holder—which Captain Carmichael had not at his finger-ends. The old-style expensive heavy dinners at the Abbey House: the monster salmon under whose weight the serving-man staggered; the sprawling gigantic turbot, arabesqued with sliced lemon and barberries; the prize turkey, too big for any thing but a poultry show—these leviathans and megatheria of the market were seen no more. In their stead came the subdued grace of the dîner à la Russe, a well-chosen menu, before composing which Captain Carmichael studied Gouffé's artistic cookery-book as

carefully as a pious Israelite studies the Talmud. The new style was as much more economical than the old as it was more elegant. The table, with the squire's old silver, and fine dark blue and gold Worcester china, and the captain's picturesque grouping of hot-house flowers and ferns, was a study worthy of a painter of still life. People exclaimed at the beauty of the picture. The grave old dining-room was transformed from its heavy splendor to a modern grace that delighted every body. Mrs. Carmichael's bosom thrilled with a gentle pride as she sat opposite her husband—he and she facing each other across the centre of the oval table—at their first dinner party.

"My love, I am delighted that you are pleased," he said afterward, when she praised his arrangements. "I think I shall be able to show you that economy does not always mean shabbiness. Our dinners shall not be too frequent, but they shall be perfect after their kind."

The captain made another innovation in his wife's mode of existence. Instead of a daily dropping in of her acquaintance for tea and gossip, she was to have her afternoon, like Lady Ellangowan. A neat copper-plate inscription on her visiting-card told her friends that she was at home on Tuesdays from three to six, and implied that she was not at home on any other day. Mrs. Carmichael felt her dignity enhanced by this arrangement, and the captain hoped thereby to put a stop to a good deal of twaddling talk, and to lessen the weekly consumption of five-shilling tea, pound-cake, and cream.

The duke and duchess returned to Ashbourne with Lady Mabel a short time before Christmas, and the duchess and her daughter came to one of Mrs. Carmichael's Tuesday afternoons, attended by Roderick Vawdrey. They came with an evident intention of being friendly, and the duchess was charmed with the old oak hall, the wide hearth and Christmas fire of beech logs, the light flashing upon the men in armor, and reflected here and there on the bees-waxed panels as on dark water. In this wintry dusk the hall looked its best, dim gleams of color from the old painted glass mixing with the changeful glow of the fire.

"It reminds me a little of our place in Scotland," said the duchess, "only this is prettier. It has a warmer, homelier air. All things in Scotland have an all-pervading stoniness. It is a country overgrown with granite."

Mrs. Carmichael was delighted to be told that her house resembled one of the ducal abodes.

"I dare say your Scotch castle is much older than this," she said, deprecatingly. "We only date from Henry the Eighth. There was an abbey, built in the time of Henry the First; but I am afraid there is nothing left of that but the archway leading into the stables."

"Oh, we are dreadfully ancient at Dundromond; almost as old as the mountains, I should think," answered the duchess. "Our walls are ten feet thick, and we have an avenue of yew-trees said to be a thousand years old. But all that does not prevent the duke getting bronchitis every time he goes there."

Vixen was in attendance upon her mother, dressed in dark green cloth: very much the same kind of gown she had on that day at the kennels, Rorie thought, remembering how she looked as she stood with quickened breath and tumbled hair, encircled by those eager, boisterous hounds.

"If Landseer could have lived to paint her, I would have given a small fortune for the picture," he thought, regretfully.

Lady Mabel was particularly gracious to Violet. She talked about dogs and horses, even, in her desire to let herself down to Miss Tempest's level; about the forest; made a tentative remark about point lace; asked Violet if she was fond of Chopin.

"I'm afraid I'm not enlightened enough to care so much for him as I ought," Vixen answered, frankly.

"Really! Who is your favorite composer?"

Violet felt as if she were seated before one of those awful books which some young ladies keep instead of albums, in which the sorely tormented contributor is catechised as to his or her particular tastes, distastes, and failings.

"I think I like Mozart best."

"Do you really?" inquired Lady Mabel, looking as if Violet had sunk fathoms lower in her estimation by this avowal. "Don't you think that he is dreadfully tuny?"

"I like tunes," retorted Vixen, determined not to be put down. "I'd rather have written 'Voi che sapete,' and 'Batti, batti,' than all Chopin's nocturnes and mazourkas."

"I think you would hardly say that if you knew Chopin better," said Lady Mabel, gravely, as if she had been gently reproving some one for the utterance of infidel opinions. "When are you coming to see our orchids?" she asked, graciously. "Mamma is at home on Thursdays. I hope you and Mrs. Carmichael will drive over and look at my new orchid-house. Papa had it built for me with all the latest improvements. I'm sure you must be fond of orchids, even if you don't appreciate Chopin."

Violet blushed. Rorie was looking on with a malicious grin. He was sitting a little way off in a low Glastonbury chair, with his knees up to his chin, making himself an image of awkwardness.

"I don't believe Violet cares twopence for the best orchid you could show her," he said. "I don't believe your *Odontoglossum vexillarium* would have any more effect upon her than it has upon me."

"Oh, but I do admire them; or, at least, I should admire them immensely," remonstrated Vixen, "if I could see them in their native country. But I don't know that I have ever thoroughly appreciated them in a hot-house, hanging from the roof, and tumbling on to one's nose, or shooting off their long sprays at a tangent into awkward corners. I'm afraid I like the bluebells and fox-gloves in our inclosures ever so much better. I have seen the banks in New Park one sheet of vivid blue with hyacinths, one blaze of crimson with fox-gloves; and then there are the long green swamps, where millions of marsh-marigolds shine like pools of liquid gold. If I could see orchids blooming like that, I should be charmed with them."

"You paint, of course," said Lady Mabel. "Wild flowers make delightful studies, do they not?"

Vixen blushed violently.

"I can paint a little bit," she said. "I am a dreadfully unaccomplished person."

"That's not true," remonstrated Rorie. "She sketches capitally in pen and ink—dogs, horses, trees, every thing, dashed off with no end of spirit."

Here the duchess, who had been describing the most conspicuous costumes at the German baths, to the delight of Mrs. Carmichael, rose to go, and Lady Mabel, with her graceful, well-drilled air, rose immediately.

"We shall be so glad to see you at Ashbourne," she murmured, sweetly, giving Violet her slim little hand in its pearl-gray glove.

She was dressed from head to foot in artistically blended shades of gray—a most unpretending toilet.

Vixen acknowledged her graciousness politely, but without any warmth; and it would hardly have done for Lady Mabel to have known what Miss Tempest said to herself when the Dovedale barouche had driven round the curve of the shrubbery, with Roderick smiling at her from his place as it vanished.

"I am afraid I have a wicked tendency to detest people," said Vixen, inwardly. "I feel almost as bad about Lady Mabel as I do about Captain Carmichael."

"Are they not nice?" asked Mrs. Carmichael, gushingly.

"Trimmer's drop-cakes?" said Vixen, who was standing by the tea-table munching a dainty little biscuit. "Yes, they are always capital."

"Nonsense, Violet; I mean the duchess and her daughter."

Vixen yawned audibly.

"I'm glad you did not find the duchess insupportably dreary," she said. "Lady Mabel weighed me down like a nightmare."

"Oh, Violet! when she behaved so sweetly—quite caressingly, I thought. You really ought to cultivate her friendship. It would be so nice for you to visit at Ashbourne. You would have such opportunities—"

"Of doing what, mamma? Hearing polonaises and mazourkas in seven double flats; or seeing orchids with names as long as a German compound adjective?"

"Opportunities of being seen and admired by young men of position, Violet. Sooner or later the time must come for you to think of marrying."

"That time will never come, mamma. I shall stay at home with you till you are tired of me, and when you turn me out I will have a cottage in the heart of the forest—upon some wild ridge topped with a hat of firs—and good old M'Croke to take care of me; and I will spend my days botanizing and fern-hunting, riding and walking, and perhaps learn to paint my favorite trees, and live as happily and remote from mankind as the herons in their nests at the top of the tall beeches on Vinny Ridge."

"I am very glad there is no one present to hear you talk like that, Violet," Mrs. Carmichael said, gravely.

"Why, mamma?"

"Because any body hearing you might suppose you were not quite right in your mind."

[to be continued.]

JOHN BLAIR SCRIBNER.

On page 105 our readers will find a likeness of the late John Blair Scribner, whose recent and sudden death on the very threshold of what promised to be a brilliant and successful career is sincerely deplored by all who had known him in affairs of business or in social intercourse. Mr. Scribner was taken ill with pneumonia shortly before the holidays, but soon recovered sufficiently to be present at his place of business, and was supposed to be entirely out of danger. Apparently he overtasked his strength, and on the Thursday preceding his decease he suffered another attack. It appeared not to be serious, however, and no fears were entertained that he would not soon regain his health. After the close of business on Tuesday, January 21, his brother and partner, Mr. Charles Scribner, called to see him, and could not refrain from expressing his fears that the illness might be more serious than was thought. The elder brother, rising in his bed, said, playfully: "Cheer up, old fellow; you always look on the dark side. I shall soon be all right again." Then, throwing up his arms, he gave one long sigh, and died without another word. The only persons present at the time were Mr. Scribner's wife, Mr. Charles Scribner, and two physicians, and to all the death was most sudden and entirely unexpected.

Mr. Scribner was only twenty-eight years old at the time of his death; but he had been some time in business, having left Princeton when quite young in order to relieve and assist his father. He evinced great aptitude in mastering commercial details; and when, six or seven years ago, the death of his father left him in charge of the large publishing business, he was already well qualified to assume the duties and responsibilities thus early laid upon him. A short time ago the firm took the name of "Charles Scribner's Sons"—a partnership now sadly broken by the death of the elder of the brothers.

Mr. Scribner was highly esteemed by all his associates in business. He was intelligent, liberal, and affable, and all who knew him bear testimony to his ability, high purpose, and honorable ambition. At a meeting of the principal publishers and booksellers of this city, held the day after his decease, Mr. Randolph paid a warm and cordial tribute to his memory. In the course of his remarks he said:

"I think of him rather as a boy than as a great publisher, for I knew him when he was a boy at his father's knee. I have not yet been quite able to realize that he was the senior of the house that bears his name; have never been able to call him by other than his familiar household name. And yet, while my interest in him may have led me to question the wisdom of his taking the heavy responsibilities he so lately assumed, certainly there was a clear indication of strength and character and force which command remark that one so young in years should be so eager to take on that which some of us who are older would so willingly lay down. I count it to the honor of every one who brings into this work of ours an instinctive love and reverence for it, who pursues it with a just and adequate sense of its responsibilities and privileges. In this calling our friend had a notable pride and ambition. It came to him alike by inheritance and pursuit. He was ambitious to perpetuate a name already honorable—to enlarge a structure the foundations of which had been laid by his father's own hand. He entered upon it full of hope, courage, and expectation; untouched by the sense of wearing, undisturbed by the remembrances of long previous years of struggle and toil, which had finally compassed the point of successful venture."

Mr. Randolph's words will find an echo in the breast of every one who knew Mr. Scribner, and who feels a sympathy with honorable ambition frustrated by death, and with the sorrow of hearts bereaved.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A very important advance has lately been made by the United States Fish Commission in the direction of practical fish-culture, that is not only very creditable to the country by which it has been prosecuted, but also opens a new channel for the exercise of this art, with the promise at the same time of being of great industrial value. The work of the Commission in the multiplication and distribution throughout the United States of shad and salmon is well known to our readers, as also the fact that the results in this direction are of much greater magnitude than those of all other government establishments in the world combined.

The application of steam, as first devised by Major T. B. Ferguson, Fish Commissioner of Maryland, for the purpose of securing the agitation of the water required for the proper development of the eggs and of the young fish, represented an advance of the utmost moment, rendering it possible to do, in a wholesale and practical manner, what might otherwise, unless under very exceptional circumstances, be regarded as little more than a laboratory experiment.

Prior to the use of steam machinery a yield of five millions of young shad was considered very satisfactory; but during the season of 1878, when the new method was tried on a sufficient scale, the same opportunities and facilities developed twenty-four millions.

It is a fact not familiar, perhaps, to many of our readers that while during the summer season the capture of cod-fish in great quantity is prosecuted at a long distance from the shores of the United States, especially on the Grand Banks, the Georges, the La Have Banks, Brown's Bank, Banquero, etc., in the winter the same fish come directly on the shores of New England, and as far south, indeed, as Sandy Hook, to spawn. This opportunity is eagerly embraced by the fishermen, who for the most part ply their vocation in open boats or dories, instead of being obliged to resort to schooners of considerable tonnage. This incoming of the fish is for the purpose of spawning along the shore, the object apparently being to give the young fish the protection of shoal water and of sea-bottom covered with algæ during the earlier months of their existence. Several distinct schools of these fish come on the shores of Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and No Man's Land, some of the fish being quite small, while those of Cape Ann and vicinity are very much larger. They make their appearance in November; but it is not until December that the eggs are ready to be deposited. A single fish yields a great number of eggs, as many as nine millions having been estimated in a single female, the average being somewhere about two millions.

Heretofore these eggs have been thrown away, or salted and barrelled for shipment to the Mediterranean as bait for the anchovies; but it is expected that hereafter a very different application will be made of them. Careful consideration was given to the possibilities of hatching cod-fish artificially by the apparatus of the Fish Commission, and the necessary inquiries were prosecuted at Gloucester in the summer of 1878. The promise of success was satisfactory, and it was determined to try the experiment on a small scale during the present winter. Accordingly a building was fitted up, the machinery brought from the shad-hatching vessels at Washington, and erected, with the necessary additions and concomitants, and, as completed, consisted essentially of a steam-pump for drawing the water from the harbor, with tanks of about six hundred gallons capacity, and a series of boxes of suitable shape, into which the water was allowed to enter, and there come in contact with the eggs. An effort was made to obtain ripe eggs from the fish caught by the fishermen; but it was found that the most feasible and practical way was to take the fish that were near maturity and bring them in alive, keeping them in floating boxes at the wharf until ripe enough to be stripped. By this method a large quantity of eggs was secured, and the experiments prosecuted. After varying success, owing to difficulties resulting from the turbidity of the water and other causes, the proper method of treatment was ascertained, and for some weeks past the work has been carried on, interrupted only by the unprecedented cold snap in the beginning of January, which killed the fish in the floating boxes, but did not otherwise affect the progress of the experiment. Many millions of fish have been hatched and deposited in the outer harbor of Gloucester.

The bearing of this experiment upon the future of American fisheries is likely to be of very great importance. Of course, if the eggs which would otherwise be wasted be converted into young fish, it can not fail to produce a marked influence upon the supply. When it is borne in mind that the entire number of cod-fish captured in a single year on the coast of North America from Labrador to Sandy Hook, upon the estimate of very high authority—Professor H. Y. Hind, of Nova Scotia—is only 150,000,000, the fact that the progeny of from twenty to fifty large cod, if brought to maturity, would supply this whole stock, is one of great significance. If now, in addition to what is done by natural reproduction, we supplement the work by hatching and turning into the water the eggs of a thousand parent fish, we can readily imagine what must be the effect upon the future fisheries of the coast.

It should be borne in mind, too, that by introducing the young fish on a definite portion of the coast we secure the return of these fish when mature to the same region for the purpose of spawning, and not merely increase the general supply throughout the ocean.

Another important consideration is the possibility of establishing winter cod-fisheries where they do not now occur, and still relying upon what is now an axiom, that fish return to spawn to the place where they were first introduced into the water, it will be possible, by carrying the young fish hatched by the methods just indicated to points further south than the present range of the fish, to establish new fisheries of great importance. By a careful consideration of the temperature required by the cod it has been ascertained that such fisheries can be established as far south at least as the mouth of the Cape Fear River, in North Carolina. The period of time during which this temperature could be secured would become shorter and shorter with the decreasing latitude. A period of two months could be had at the extreme southern range indicated, and a greater length of time, varying with the character of the winter, at more northern points.

The same methods and machinery available and actually successful in the case of the cod can also be used for hatching the mackerel. These fish spawn in May and June, and under circumstances more favorable for success than is the case with the cod. The Commission even anticipates the possibility of the successful treatment of the eggs of the halibut—a fish of very great industrial value, and of which the supply is rapidly becoming exhausted.

The twelfth report of the Commissioners of Fisheries of Maine, for the year 1877, renews the complaint unfortunately so frequently made of the conflict between the greed of private parties and the interests of the public, so far as illegal fishing or the obstruction of water-ways is concerned. It, however, gives satisfactory assurance of the success of the measures taken for restoring salmon to the waters of Maine, and expresses the hope that should proper protective legislation be secured, in a few years this fish will be as plentiful as ever, and add greatly to the resources of the State.

The Commissioners call attention to the fact that it is not merely the actual value of the fish taken that is to be considered in the argument for multiplication and protection; but that, in such a State as Maine, an abundance of salmon and trout invites a large number of visitors in the summer season to capture them, who expend large sums of money within the State for transportation, purchase of provisions, the hire of guides, etc.

Attention is called to the importance of the Oquassa trout—a species peculiar to Maine—as serviceable in stocking lakes in which large trout are to be reared.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man whose hen-roost was recently robbed received a note which said, "The old black hen was very tough, and a friend whom I invited to dinner has ruined all his front teeth pulling at the old fowl."

Why are riflemen the best expounders of Shakspeare?—Because they know what's in an aim (a name).

Spelling matches are very demoralizing. Jones was to one the night before. His wife is awakened during the early morning by some noise below-stairs. "John! John! burglars!" she called, shaking him. "Burglars; b-u-r-g-l-a-r-s—burglars," said he, and rolled over to sleep again.

The *Virginia Chronicle* says: "Professor Meloni, the brass and string bandit, was interviewed by a man who wanted a situation in the band. 'What can you play?' asked the professor. 'Well, I ain't much for fiddlin', but if you want wind stuffed into a cornet or wind belted out of a bass drum, I'm your oyster!' He was engaged."

France doesn't need any Rhine, because she has her Rhone.

"Into the chaws of death," said the man who fell among the teeth of a buzz-saw.

The civilized Indians of the Cherokee Nation are organizing a brass-band; so there will be no further use for the quotation, "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untoot-ored mind."

A Michigan farmer writes to the faculty of Yale: "What are your terms for a year? And does it cost any thing extra if my son wants to learn to read and write as well as row a boat?"

"And you are really going to marry again, after losing that dear husband of yours—and you so young and pretty yet!" "My love, it's simply out of respect for the memory of the late. This is a scandalous world."

"Is this a fair?" said a stranger, stopping in front of a place where a festival was in progress, and addressing a citizen. "Well," replied the citizen, "they call it fair, but they take every body in." He probably had invested in a ticket in an oyster-soup lottery, and had drawn a blank.

Judge. "Prisoner, why will you drink? Now look at me! I am sixty, and I never tasted liquor."

Prisoner. "You've lost lots of fun, then, judge; sure as you're born."

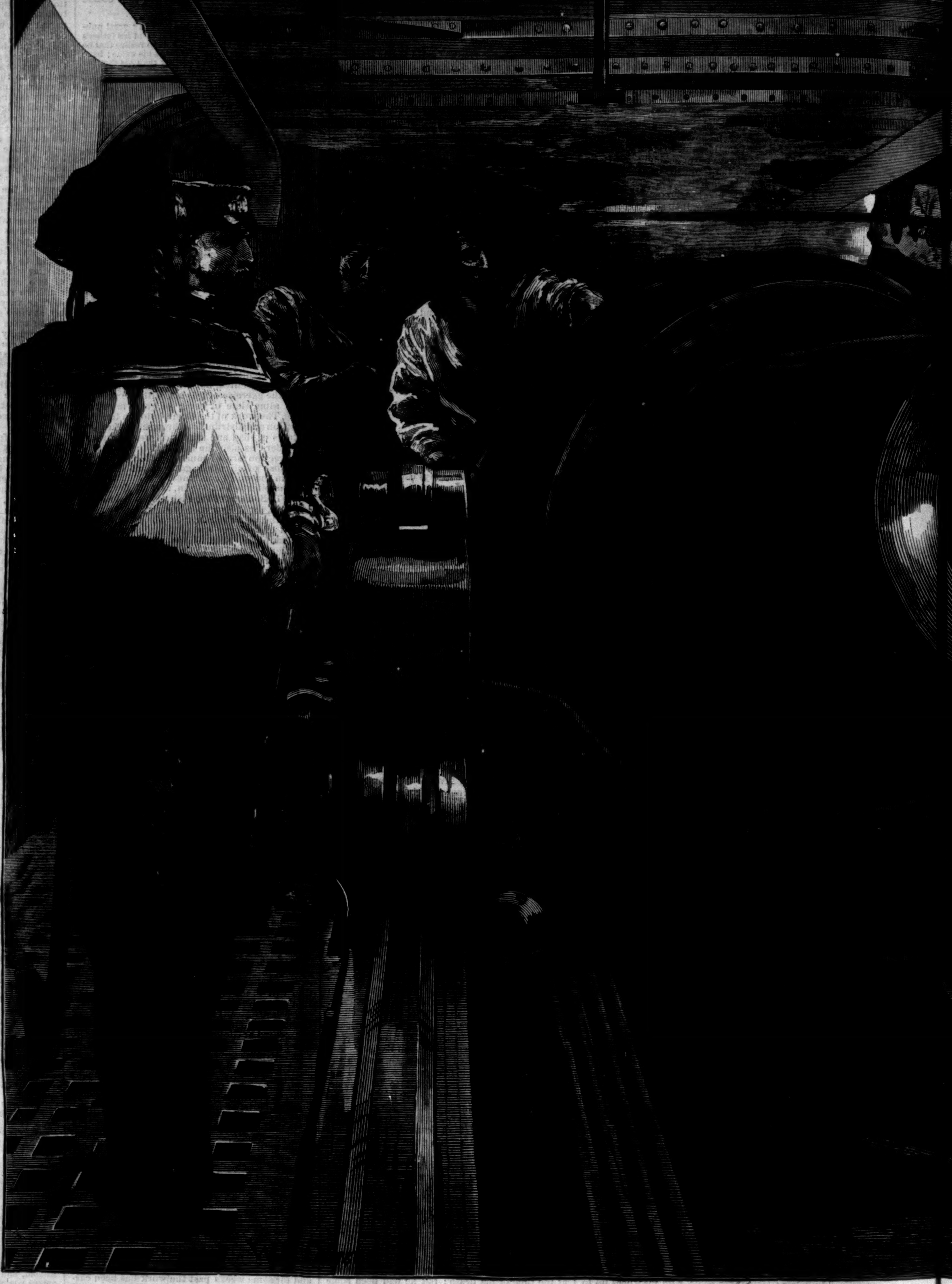
A plain-spoken woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her, "How do you manage to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other; "don't you know that I have my house-work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done, I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

Fitz Hugh Ludlow, in his narrative of travel in *The Heart of the Continent*, tells of an eccentric genius who improved on the old yarn to the effect that "the weather would have been colder if the thermometer had been longer," by saying he had been where "it was so cold that the thermometer got down off the nail."

"Do you know 'When the swallows homeward fly?'" asked a young man of his "inamorata," as he leaned over the piano-forte. "Of course I do," she replied, in a voice as far apart as the teeth of a barber's comb. "They fly home when they want their grub." And then she began to sing, "Would I were a bir-r-d."

MODERN WARFARE.

Among a batch of novelettes that has just reached us from the other side of the water is one entitled *The New Ordeal*, by the author of *The Battle of Dorking*. This little volume is in purpose a satire upon the art of modern warfare. In the first part, which is styled "Preliminary," the author with lively pen considers the marvellous ingenuity displayed by mankind in devising instruments for each other's destruction: "It was while public feeling was in this healthy state—humanity strongly developed and invention of destructive weapons stimulated to the highest point, so that a man who discovered a new gun or a new projectile might hope to be made a knight, or even a baronet, and be sure in any case of getting a good round sum for his pains—that an ingenious scientific gentleman brought out a beautiful new bullet, warranted to go round the corner. Earth-works and traverses would no longer be of any use, however well you might be sheltered; unless you had absolutely a roof over your head, this new bullet would find you out, and when it did you were done for, because part of the invention was that the bullet on striking the object burst into a score of fragments. No fear of the bullet coming short of its purpose by doing only trifling damage, as merely going through the fleshy part of the arm or leg, and letting the wounded man turn up all right again at the end of the campaign, as the clumsy missiles did which it was intended to supersede. 'Warranted to wound mortally' was stamped on the wrapper of the cartridge just below the trade-mark. And the inventor did not claim more than he was entitled to; for when the cartridge was tried down at Woolwich marshes on some dummies, placed like soldiers lying snugly behind the parapet of a redoubt, the dummies were found to be all smashed to bits—the splinters so scattered, indeed, that the officer in charge of the experiment had some ado to get his accounts passed by the audit department, because the fragments could not be found. The new bullet became the talk of the day, quite cutting out a famous African traveller who came home a fortnight too late for his reputation. A visit to Woolwich became quite as much an item in the season's work as a visit to the Royal Academy, and young ladies laboring under a press of engagements would economize time by seeing the experiments in the morning, and going to the Artillery Ball in the evening. 'So awfully interesting, don't you know!' some fair damsel would say to her partner at dinner the next day. 'No, not the ball; that, of course, was pretty jolly: the gunners are a very good sort of fellows at their own mess. I mean that wonderful gyratic bullet. We saw fifty of those dear ridiculous dummies put in the redoubt, and Captain Fuse—he's the officer in charge, don't you know—said that if they had been real soldiers not one could have been identified after ten minutes. So awfully scientific and interesting his explanation was! They say Professor Smash is to have a peerage.'" Further on our eloquent author comes to the subject of naval warfare. With this, however, he does not deal at any great length, and contents himself with the statement: "It had come to be understood for some time that it was impossible to foresee the future conditions of naval warfare. All that could be told with certainty seemed to be that between torpedoes and ramming, all the ships on both sides would probably go to the bottom; and it was generally allowed on all hands that the life of a sailor on active service would probably be a short if not a merry one."



THE THIRTY-EIGHT-TON GUN THAT BURST IN T

All the above is fiction, and the exaggeration of fiction that falls under the head of satire; but certainly the fancies of the author of *The New Ordeal* are not without a parallel in the recent horrible event which our picture is designed to illustrate. Here we see one of the instruments devised by men for the slaughter of their fellow-creatures, as it appeared just before the explosion took place which caused the death of two English officers and eight seamen, besides badly wounding thirty-two others. Some years ago such a catastrophe as this would scarcely have provoked surprise, for we read that "until the system of building up guns was invented, the bursting of cast-iron ordnance was not uncommon, and was counted as one of the ordinary risks of a soldier's or seaman's life." This we know from the fact that during our own civil war the bursting of a gun was by no means an uncommon occurrence. It was hoped, however, that Sir William Armstrong's great invention had at least done away with this element of destructiveness, and that hereafter the ordnance employed in our wars would not be a source of death to friend and foe alike. Now, however, we are forced to relinquish any implicit trust in the building-up system, and return to our former apprehensiveness, for the gun in question was regarded as a triumph in the art of constructing such weapons.

The vessel upon which the catastrophe took place is the heaviest armed vessel of the English navy now in commission. The *Thunderer* is an iron-clad ship of the first class, having two independent screws and two sets of engines. In the recent disaster her turret, armored to the extent of fourteen inches, was disabled, but by no means destroyed. About seven men only are required in the turret during gun practice, viz., the captain of the turret, the captain of each gun, and two men to look after each compressor. The whole of the gun detachment inside were therefore killed. The top of the turret is not armored, and the probability is that the remainder of the killed and all the wounded received their hurts from the fragments projected through the roof.

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of the heaviest charges being gradually to weaken and break up the gun, with ample warning even in the earliest stages of the process.

Although no plan has yet been arrived at for testing ordnance that may be regarded as infallible, yet it must be allowed that scientists have been doing their utmost to find one. The efforts that are being made in the world to perfect the engines of war are by no means exaggerated in the satire quoted in the beginning of this article, even though the results are not quite equal to those therein described. For years experiments with different powders and methods of placing the charges in the guns have been made in different countries, especially America and Austria. As long ago as 1865, Colonel Uchatius, head of the gun factories at Vienna, was trying different powders, and had pushed far enough beyond the old traditions to be able to say that he believed the best results would be obtained by leaving a certain space occupied only by air above or in front of the charge. In 1869 we find an English scientific committee taking up the subject, and endeavoring to rescue the artillery from its backward condition as to explosives. At that time an experimental 10-inch gun was lying at Shoeburyness, having already fired two hundred rounds with the old powder. The committee produced a new gunpowder, called pebble, which, as it was then made, gave a higher velocity from an eight-inch gun, with an internal strain of 15.8 tons per square inch, against 29.8 tons, which was the strain for fifty feet less velocity with the old powder. The pebble powder, with variation in the size of the grain and its density, has since been used for all heavy guns; but artillerists are said to be dissatisfied with a material which is in large, shapeless lumps, very difficult to arrange smoothly in a cartridge, and burning in a haphazard way, producing most gas at the first moment of ignition, and less at the time when the shot is already in motion, when all danger is over, and as much pressure as possible is wanted to give high velocity to the projectile. For a time this committee relaxed its efforts, but the recent disaster has given a new impulse to its investigations. The London *Times*, in alluding to it, says: "We are glad to see that the committee is again at work, and can only hope that, starting with much more light on the question, they will arrive at more complete results. But not only by improvement of gunpowder can the life of a gun be lengthened and the danger of bursting reduced, but by other means, such as that foreshadowed by Colonel Uchatius, and afterward worked out with thorough scientific persistence by an artillerist who has carried the scientific development of gunnery further than any one in Europe—Captain Noble, of Elswick. The use of air space left above and about the charge of powder in a suitably shaped chamber, larger than the bore of the gun, has produced the most astonishing results, and it is hardly too much to say that now for the first time guns are being designed with full foreknowledge of their powers, and the effect of their charges upon them, using, of course, a known gunpowder."

If the eloquent author of *The New Ordeal* had wanted further authority for his satire on the warlike enthusiasm of the English, it would have been furnished him in plenty by the manner in which the newspapers of the country deplore the loss of the hideous weapon which has just sent so many brave fellows to an untimely grave. The gun, not the men, be it observed, is the subject of lamentation. One writer begins his article by the statement: "The bursting of one of the finest English naval guns is a misfortune the greatness of which can hardly be exaggerated." Then, after suggesting numberless possible causes for the great disaster, and means whereby the country may be prevented from losing another such valuable possession, he goes on to console his readers with the thought that, in spite of their misfortune, the English will always enjoy the glory of having produced the most marvellous artillery of the world, and the most murderous: "While, therefore, we may regret the fact that one English gun has gone as we never expected it to go, and lives valuable to their country have been lost, it is at least some consolation to know that for the solitary English disaster many might be quoted as having occurred to Continental ordnance, and that while England continues to produce a series of pieces of artillery quite unapproachable abroad—for nothing at all has been produced to match the 80-ton and 100-ton guns—we have lately taken such a step in advance as places us far beyond competition, either in heavy ordnance for piercing iron plates, or in the light artillery which is more useful for every-day requirements. For, just as the mountain gun surpasses all of its class, so do the new field-guns made at Elswick pass out of the region to any thing yet made, even experimentally, outside this country. At the same time, we must protest against the exaggerated impressions which seem to prevail in some quarters as to the power of guns against forts, and the disappointment expressed when pieces standing in the open field fail to destroy the artillery of an enemy behind parapets, or kill a large number of men who are fairly sheltered."

At a time when the "foremost Christian nation of the world" is busy in deploring that its guns do not "kill a larger number of men who are fairly sheltered," the appearance of such a satire as *The New Ordeal*, which paints in vivid colors the horrors of "scientific" methods of slaughter, should be doubly welcome to all who believe in the brotherhood of nations, and in the promise of a glorious era of peace and good-will.

THACKERAY'S WORKS.

[From an article on "Novel-Reading," by Anthony Trollope, in the *Nineteenth Century*.]

THE popularity of Thackeray has been very much less extended than that of Dickens, and the lessons which he has taught have not, therefore, been scattered afield so widely. Dickens, to use a now common phrase, has tapped a stratum lower in education and wealth, and therefore much wider, than that reached by his rival. The genius of Thackeray was of a nature altogether different. Dickens delighted much in depicting with very broad lines very well-known vices under impossible characters, but was, perhaps, still more thoroughly at home in representing equally well-known virtues after the same fashion. His Pinches and Cheerybles were nearer to him than his Ralph Nicklebys and his Pecksniffs. It seems specially to have been the work of Thackeray to cover with scorn the vices which in his hands were displayed in personages who were only too realistic. With him there is no touch of melodrama. From first to last you are as much at home with Barry Lyndon, the most complete rascal, perhaps, that ever was drawn, as with your wife, or your private secretary, if you have one, or the servant who waits upon you daily. And when he turns from the strength of his rascals to the weaker idiosyncrasies of those whom you are to love for their virtues, he is equally efficacious. Barry Lyndon was a man of infinite intellectual capacity, which is more than we can say for Colonel Newcome. But was there ever a gentleman more sweet, more lovable, more thoroughly a gentleman at all points, than the colonel? How many a young lad has been taught to know how a gentleman should think, and how a gentleman should act and speak, by the thoughts and words and doings of the colonel! I will not say that Barry Lyndon's career has deterred many from rascaldom, as such a career can only be exceptional; but it has certainly enticed no lad to follow it.

Vanity Fair, though not in my opinion the best, is the best known of Thackeray's works. Readers, though they are delighted, are not satisfied with it, because Amelia Sedley is silly, because Osborne is selfish, because Dobbin is ridiculous, and because Becky Sharp alone is clever and successful—while at the same time she is as abominable as the genius of a satirist can make her. But let him or her who has read the book think of the lessons which have been left behind by it. Amelia is a true loving woman, who can love her husband even though he be selfish—loving, as a woman should love, with enduring devotion. Whatever is charming in her attracts; what is silly repels. The character of Osborne is necessary to that of Dobbin, who is one of the finest heroes ever drawn. Unselfish, brave, modest, forgiving, affectionate, manly all over—his is just the character to teach a lesson. Tell a young man that he ought to be modest, that he ought to think more of the heart of the girl he loves than of his own, that even in the pursuit of fame he should sacrifice himself to others, and he will ridicule your advice and you too. But if you can touch his sentiment, get at him in his closet—or perhaps rather his smoking-room—without his knowing it, bring a tear to his eye and perhaps a throb to his throat, and then he will have learned something of that which your less impressive lecture was incapable of teaching. As for Becky Sharp, it is not only that she was false, unfeminine, and heartless. Such attributes no doubt are in themselves unattractive. But there is not a turn in the telling of the story which, in spite of her success, does not show the reader how little is gained, how much is lost, by the exercise of that depraved ingenuity.

Pendennis is an unsteady, ambitious, clever, but idle young man, with excellent aspirations and purposes, but hardly trustworthy. He is by no means such a one as an anxious father would wish to put before his son as an example. But he is life-like. Clever young men, ambitious but idle and vacillating, are met every day, whereas the gift of persistency in a young man is uncommon. The Pendennis phase of life is one into which clever young men are apt to run. The character, if alluring, would be dangerous. If reckless idle conceit had carried every thing before it in the story—if Pendennis had been made to be noble in the midst of his foibles—the lesson taught would have been bad. But the picture which becomes gradually visible to the eyes of the reader is the reverse of this. Though Pendennis is, as it were, saved at last by the enduring affection of two women, the idleness and the conceit and the vanity, the littleness of the *soi-disant* great young man, are treated with so much disdain as to make the idlest and vainest of male readers altogether for the time out of love with idleness and vanity. And as for Laura, the younger of the two women by whom he is saved, she who becomes his wife—surely no female character ever drawn was better adapted than hers to teach that mixture of self-negation, modesty, and affection which is needed for the composition of the ideal woman whom we love to contemplate.

Of Colonel Newcome we have already spoken. Of all the characters drawn by Thackeray it is the most attractive, and it is so because he is a man *sans peur* and *sans reproche*. He is not a clever old man—not half so amusing as that worldly old gentleman Major Pendennis, with whom the reader of the former novel will have become acquainted—but he is one who can not lie, who can not do a mean thing, who can wear his gown as a bedesman in the Greyfriars Hospital—for to that he comes—with all the honor that can hang about a judge's ermine.

Esmond is undoubtedly Thackeray's greatest work, not only because in it his story is told with the directest purpose, with less of vague wandering than in the others, but by reason also of the force of the characters portrayed. The one to which we will specially call attention is that of Beatrix, the younger heroine of the story. Her mother, Lady Castlewood, is an elder heroine. The term as applied to the personages of a modern novel—as may be said also of hero—is not very appropriate; but it is the word which will best convey the intended meaning to the reader. Nothing sadder than the story of Beatrix can be imagined—nothing sadder, though it falls so infinitely short of tragedy. But we speak specially of it here because we believe its effect on the minds of girls who read it to be thoroughly salutary. Beatrix is a girl endowed with great gifts. She has birth, rank, fortune, intellect, and beauty. She is blessed with that special combination of feminine loveliness and feminine wit which men delight to encounter. The novelist has not merely said that it is so, but has succeeded in bringing the girl before us with such vivid power of portraiture that we know her, what she is, down to her shoe-ties—know her, first to the loving of her, and then to the hating of her. She becomes, as she goes on, the object of Esmond's love—and could she permit her heart to act in this matter, she too would love him. She knows well that he is a man worthy to be loved. She is encouraged to love him by outward circumstances. Indeed, she does love him. But she has decided within her own bosom that the world is her oyster, which has to be opened by her, being a woman, not by her sword, but by her beauty. Higher rank than her own, greater fortune, a bigger place in the world's eyes, grander jewels, have to be won. Harry Esmond, oh, how good he is; how fit to be the lord of any girl—if only he were a duke, or such like! This is her feeling, and this is her resolve. Then she sets her cap at a duke, a real duke, and almost gets him—would have got him only her duke is killed in a duel before she has been made a duchess. After that terrible blow she sinks lower still in her low ambition. A scion of banished royalty comes dangling after her, and she, thinking that the scion may be restored to his royal grandeur, would fain become the mistress of a king.

It is a foul career, the reader will say; and there may be some who would ask whether such is the picture which should be presented to the eyes of a young girl by those who are anxious, not only for the amusement of her leisure hours, but also for her purity and worth. It might be asked, also, whether the Commandments should be read in her ears, lest she should be taught to steal and to murder. Beautiful as Beatrix is, attractive, clever, charming—prone as the reader is to sympathize with Esmond in his love for this winning creature—yet by degrees the vileness becomes so vile, the ulcered sores are so revolting, the whited sepulchre is seen to be so foul within, that the girl who reads the book is driven to say, "Not like that! not like that! Whatever fate may have in store for me, let it not be like that." And this conviction will not come from any outward suffering—not from poverty, ill-usage, from loss of beauty or youth. No condign punishment of that easy kind is inflicted. But the vice is made to be so ugly, so heart-breaking to the wretched victim who has encouraged it, that it strikes the beholder with horror. Vice is heart-breaking to its victim. The difficulty is to teach the lesson—to bring the truth home. Sermons too often fail to do it. The little story in which Tom the naughty boy breaks his leg, while Jack the good boy gets apples, does not do it. The broken leg and the apples do not find credence. Beatrix in her misery is believed to be miserable.

HELPING THE POOR.

THE Young Men's Christian Association is an institution the very mention of whose name should cause the breast of every American citizen to thrill with pride and enthusiasm. The sages of ancient Greece and Rome were accustomed to tell their audiences, almost with every breath, that the hope of the country lay in her young men. Schools of philosophy were opened, and educational schemes set on foot, simply that virtue might be studied and cultivated as an art. SOCRATES arose and made Τὸ Ἀγαθόν the inscription on the banner wherewith he drew the youth of the republic after him. PLATO followed his illustrious prototype, and with Τὸ Καλόν as a watch-word led men to aspire still further toward that moral power and spiritual loveliness that are the basis of all good to mankind. These carried the mind of the youth with them, giving their days and nights to teaching and exhortation, convinced that with the bounding pulses, the strong enthusiasms, and the holy aspirations of adolescence was also combined the vital force that could alone achieve great results.

To-day we have, in place of abstract ideas, comprehensive and glorious as they may be, a rounded and perfect Christian philosophy, a revelation of God to man, so complete in its nature that on His side nothing is withheld that is in any way necessary for the comfort and salvation of our unhappy race. Yet such are the misunderstandings between the different schools of theology, such the opposition of varying creeds, the bickerings of sects and wranglings of so-called religious teachers, that discouragement might readily take possession of us all if we could not point to some bright side of the picture. Fortunately for us, the side where it is brightest is also the most powerful, for, religiously speaking, we can quote the Grecian sage and say, "The hope of our country lies in our young men." No great disaster can come upon our beloved faith while the spirit of its Founder is so strong as to push aside all minor differences of creed or ritual, form or ceremony, and bring the youth of our churches into combination for the purpose of propagating its divine teachings. In the mean time it should be to us a source of unlimited gratitude that the flower of our country's manhood is represented by such a body as the Young Men's Christian Association.

The interesting group of sketches which we publish on page 104 has to do with one of the many charities under the care of and carried on by this institution. Having for its head-quarters one of the noblest architectural ornaments of our great city, the Association has been in the habit of establishing branches in such localities as seem to offer special opportunities for Christian work. At first the Bowery Branch was nothing more than a room where those who could be persuaded to attend were offered the privileges of religious meetings. Soon, however, it became apparent that solicitude for the souls of men, in order to be effective, must be combined with careful arrangements for the welfare of their bodies. The same problem that confronted the apostles when the seven deacons were added to the ministry of the Church presented itself to the Association. While "presenting to men the Gospel of the grace of God," another claim arose which could not be repudiated. In the early annals of the institution we read: "One cold, stormy night in the month of November, 1872, six young men of respectable appearance stood in the hallway of the Bowery Branch, Y. M. C. A., as if fearing to leave this shelter. On addressing them it was found that one of them had been lately in prison, another had just come from hospital, and the third was the wayward boy of a wealthy family in the far West. All were penniless, and had no refuge for the night. They had just met with the young men of the Association at family prayer, and had bidden them good-night. It seemed a cheerless fate to turn so quickly from the place of prayer to the desolate street on a cold night and in a driving storm. A small purse was made up among us and placed in their hands, with directions where to go for cheap lodgings."

This incident convinced the Association in what direction their duty lay. At first, by personally interesting friends, money was procured to meet cases like the above with which to pay for accommodations at cheap lodging-houses, but a few weeks' experience served to make apparent the economy of providing some place of entertainment that should be under the immediate control of the Association. By this means the members would have a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with each person they should aid, and, by acquiring a better knowledge of the circumstances, be enabled to labor more intelligently to supply what might be the especial need. The New York City Mission tendered the Association, free of rent, a loft at 185 Spring Street. Friends offered assistance, and men who were in the habit of receiving help volunteered their services freely to fit up the place. Others, hearing of the effort being made, inquired into the work, and offered money. Some of the neighbors in the Bowery united and procured means to fit up some beds. Thus, without any appeal to the public, or any unusual effort in collecting funds, a dormitory, at a cost of $1194, was fitted up. In April, 1875, a move was made to the present building, 134 Bowery.

The manner in which the work of this Bowery Branch is carried on is worthy of the greatest admiration. Its glory is the absence of any sectarian spirit, the unity and simplicity of purpose in propagating Christian faith, and the intelligent and practical manner in which the secular business is carried on. The spiritual part of the work is divided among committees, each of which attends strictly to its own department. There are, for instance, the Devotional Committee, working independently of the regular religious services held at Carmel Chapel, the Entertainment Committee, and the Reception Committee. The last consists of sixteen members. Their duty is to be present in the evening for the purpose of meeting and making welcome the young men who visit the rooms. This feature of Christian effort has proved of great value to many unfortunates, who have gained fresh courage and energy wherewith to go on struggling against difficulties.

The secular part of the work carried on at the Bowery Branch falls under the supervision of what is called the Co-operative Employment Bureau. Here the object is to bring employers into direct communication with those needing work, in such a manner as to serve the interests of both with the least possible delay, and to avoid as far as possible all disappointment. The system offers to any unemployed resident of the city the privilege of *free registry*, provided he has references, and will pay postage to have them investigated—four cents for each city and six cents for each country reference. When references are found satisfactory a certificate is given entitling the holder to the privilege of the Bureau for thirty days; this may be renewed on application. This is a valuable help to men seeking employment, as they can refer any employer to references in regard to them on file at the office. Registered men are not required to waste their time loitering in the rooms; whenever a situation offers they are notified by mail. When men are provided with situations from the office they are required to bring references from each place, if they apply for employment more than once. Employers from a distance can procure suitable male help of all kinds by forwarding definite information concerning the nature of the service and the amount of wages. As a proof of good faith, employés expect, in such cases, transportation expenses to be advanced by employers. Where money is sent for this purpose, a ticket is purchased, for which a receipt is taken from the man to whom it is handed, and no further responsibility can be taken by the Bureau. Three years have elapsed since the Association first began to make efforts to obtain employment for a large class who could not secure it through their own exertions. During this interval over 15,000 men have been met and counselled on the subject of work, and of these 4000 have been provided with situations through this agency. A large correspondence has been opened with employers throughout the United States, and also with the employés sent out from the office. The objects held steadily in view have been the elevation of the laboring classes by friendly counsel and influence, and the benefit of employers by securing them reliable help.

A slight sketch of any single branch of a great undertaking, such as we have been able to give here, must, of course, fail to convey any idea of the magnitude or scope of its aims, or of the power it wields among the class it is designed to benefit. We are glad, however, to have been given an opportunity of calling attention to this magnificent Association, and to the work that is being done by the young men of our country in advancing the cause of religion, and making it a power among all classes. While stories are wafted us from across the ocean of the youth of Russia adopting the hideous teachings of Nihilism, and propagating it by means of secret societies established in all parts of the nation, and while German universities are pouring out their graduates as infidels and socialists, we of America can point to our young men busy in disseminating the truths of our glorious religion, and in binding society together in one self-helpful, homogeneous mass by means of unremitting labor and patient, sympathetic self-sacrifice. An English general on being asked by an Oriental where were the brick walls that should surround his cities, is said to have replied, in pointing to his army, "There are our bricks." The existence among us in a flourishing and prosperous condition of such an institution as the Young Men's Christian Association is a sufficient answer to all the dark prophecies of the pessimist in regard to the future of our republic. While our young men are thus engaged, no blight from within can wither us and no outside foe can harm us; they themselves are at once the vital strength and the indestructible bulwark of the nation.

ART IN NEW YORK.

THE annual receptions of the Artists' Fund Society of this city are always pleasant gatherings for the artists and their friends. The display of paintings, though less extensive than that of the Academy of Design or that of the Water-color Society, is always creditable and attractive, and every year evinces a growing interest on the part of the artists in the welfare and prosperity of the society. The organization originated about twenty years ago in a desire to provide a fund for the benefit of the families of deceased artists, and its plan contemplates the contribution by each member of works of moderate size, which may find a readier market than more ambitious and costlier paintings; but as the members make it a point of honor, as it is also a matter of interest, to contribute only good work, the pictures in the fund exhibition show the genius and tendencies of the artists quite as well as the larger displays at the Academy, while it sends into many a household beautiful and characteristic specimens of the work of our best men. The exhibition this year comprises nearly a hundred paintings, and among the contributors are George H. Boughton, S. R. Gifford, J. G. R. Brown, Homer Martin, David Johnson, H. W. Robbins, William H. Beard, Thomas Hicks, R. Swain Gifford, Charles Parsons, Eastman Johnson, Arthur Quartley, and R. W. Hubbard. It is pleasant to learn that the affairs of the society are in a prosperous condition, although its membership is small in comparison with the number of artists residing in New York.

On page 113 we give a series of sketches from the illustrated catalogue of the Water-color Exhibition at the Academy of Design, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the officers of the society. The collection shows that American interest in water-colors has suffered no abatement, while its effect has been to stimulate our artists to still higher achievements in this branch of art. It is not many years since water-colors were regarded in this country almost with contempt; but the splendid efforts of Colman, R. S. Gifford, Winslow Homer, Fredericks, Smillie, Bricher, and others, have wrought a marked change in public opinion, to which the artists are not slow to respond. Our sketches give, of course, an idea of the composition only of the pictures selected for illustration. They serve as an aid to the memory in recalling works that have impressed the visitor to the exhibition, and the catalogue will be kept as a pleasant *souvenir* of hours passed in strolling through the attractive rooms of the Academy. The catalogue is very tasteful in appearance. On the cover is a graceful design by Fredericks, printed in Venetian red and black, with the motto, "To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

The galleries of the principal picture-dealers of New York offer many attractions this winter to lovers of art, not only to those who wish to purchase, but to those who desire to enjoy an hour or two in the contemplation of the works of the great painters of Europe and America. At Goupil's, Kohn's, Avery's, Schaus's, or any other large dealer's, the visitor will find quiet, well-lighted, pleasant galleries, filled with pictures by artists of world-wide fame; some by foreign masters, who, like European authors, find in the New World an appreciation as broad, as cultivated, and as liberal as that which they enjoy at home. At Goupil's, for instance, the visitor who enters the attractive gallery in the rear of the establishment may feast his eyes upon paintings by Gérôme, Chlebowski, Jules Brèton, Jules Dupré, Munkacsy, Joseph Chelmonski, A. Schreyer, Ziem, Carl Becker, and many others whose names stand high on the roll of masters in art. Among the works especially worthy of attention is Chelmonski's striking picture of a "Winter Night in Poland," in which the artist has expressed on the canvas the very spirit of the desolate scene. There is a vast plain of snow, crossed here and there by tracks of horses and sledges; a group of travellers at the door of a long, straggling hostelry, through whose windows flashes the light of

the hospitable fire within, the only relief from the surrounding dreariness. Without that gleam the picture would chill the blood. Yet the power of the painting, the imaginative quality that appears in every part, make one turn to it again and again with a fascination too strong to be resisted. The two landscapes by Munkacsy, "Haymakers" and "Washer-women," are remarkable specimens of this artist's style; and "The Lazy Apprentice" will be appreciated by every one whom a hard fate has compelled to forego "the sweetness of his morning rest," and "rise before the light." Many will linger over a charming composition of Chialiva's, "Children Guarding a Flock of Turkeys," beautiful in color, and very graceful in composition. There is also a strong landscape by Jules Dupré, and a picture by Jules Bréton of a girl with a distaff in her hand. Both works attract close and admiring attention. We must not take leave of this pleasant gallery, to which we can not do justice within the scanty limits of a single article, even to the extent of naming a quarter of the pictures worthy of study, without calling attention to an admirable picture by J. G. R. Brown, entitled "A Dress Parade." It represents a squad of street boys, drawn up in a line, armed with sticks, brooms, and other handy substitutes for guns or swords, and going through a regular drill under the direction of their "cap'n." They are a jolly-looking set, all of them painted from life.

The sales-rooms up stairs are fitted up with great taste and skill, in order to display pictures under the same conditions as regards light and surroundings as those offered by the parlors of a private residence. In these rooms we find pictures by Gérôme, Chlebowski, Ziem, Schreyer, Toulmouche, and other artists of note, before which we should delight to linger, and to which we may return at a future time.

A short distance below Goupil's the art gallery of Mr. Kohn opens its hospitable doors as we approach, and invites us to another feast of art. Here, too, we are in the society of great masters. We pause before a striking landscape by Alfred Wahlberg—"Sunset in High Latitudes, Sweden." The sky is wonderfully painted. This picture was the only landscape that received a first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition. In another part of the gallery we stand before a remarkable composition by Hector Leroux—"The Adoration of Minerva by the Virgins of Athens." The studies for this picture were made near Athens, the artist having visited Greece for the express purpose of familiarizing himself with the character and tone of the landscape which forms the background of his composition, which represents a procession of young maidens who have come from Athens to cast their wreaths at the foot of a statue of the goddess of wisdom. In the same room is a characteristic coast scene from the easel of A. Achenbach, with the usual accessories of fishing-boats, fishermen's cottages, etc.; and two exquisite pictures of Venice, by Ziem, full of light and color. A strong landscape by Jules Dupré deserves especial attention. It represents the banks of a stream bordered with pollard willows, beneath the shadow of which a man is floating in one of those clumsy-looking boats which are always to be found on French or German streams. The picture is strongly painted, and is a fine specimen of the peculiar style of the artist. Mr. Kohn exhibits also an exquisitely painted picture by A. Simonetti—a Turkish lady reclining on a divan and indulging in the luxury of smoking.

As with the Goupil Gallery, we must leave Mr. Kohn's pleasant rooms without having examined a tenth part of the treasures displayed upon the walls, and pass to the art rooms of Mr. Avery, also on Fifth Avenue, near Fourteenth Street. The collection of works is varied and attractive, comprising examples from Hugues Merle, Meyer von Bremen, J. G. Vibert, L. Émile Adan, and other celebrated masters. The largest picture in his gallery is Merle's "Ferdinand and Miranda." The lovers stand together in the foreground, under the shade of trees, watched by Prospero from a little distance, while Ariel appears floating in the clouds above the scene. Another large and important picture is from the easel of P. C. Comte—"The Young Duke of Guise Swearing Vengeance Against the Assassins of his Father." In this collection there is also a very interesting picture by Bokelmann. It is called "The Broken Bank," and represents a crowd of men, women, and children gathered in groups on the steps and in front of a savings-bank that has closed its doors. This painting, which attracted great attention at the last Paris Exhibition, displays great vigor of execution and power of expression. The faces in the groups are strongly individualized, and no one repeats another. An amusing composition is C. Delort's "Strolling Players Caught in a Snow-Storm." The scene is a street in a French town. A band of vagrant actors, with a huge wagon containing their outfit, have stopped in front of an inn, and try to persuade the landlord to admit them for the night. He seems to be dubious about his pay, and the contrast between the anxious expression of the poor shivering actors and the imperturbable attitude of the landlord gives a serio-comic air to the picture. In striking contrast to this work is the beautiful picture by L. Émile Adan, "A Visit to the Grandparents"—a work full of the most careful and conscientious attention to detail and of poetic sentiment. We linger long before a picture by V. Capobianchi, "A Siesta in an Old Italian Garden;" and again before one by Charles Meissonier, son of the celebrated painter, representing a scene in Nice, warm and sunny in effect.

But we must again leave more than half untold, and commend to our readers the pleasure of visiting these and other galleries. They will be more than repaid, for these galleries contain many of the choicest specimens of European art ever sent to this country. And if any one is curious to know the cost of these beautiful works, he will find that at Goupil's he can purchase Gérôme's "Unfolding the Flag of the Prophet" for $3700; Chlebowski's "Turkish Lady of Rank in a Mosque" for $850, or the same artist's "Bashi-Bazouk Guarding a Convent" for the same price. At Kohn's he may take his choice between Wahlberg's "Sunset" at $1200 and Achenbach's "Coast of Holland" at $1000, and so on. The most costly picture in Avery's Gallery is the "Ferdinand and Miranda," $5250; the price of Adan's "Visit to the Grandparents" is $2000; that of P. C. Comte's, $1800; and that of Capobianchi's, $1650. Of course prices range all the way from these figures downward, according to the importance of each work and the reputation of the artist.

THROWING OIL ON THE WATERS.

The following incident occurred in Shetland a good number of years ago. It was a beautiful evening in midsummer. Nothing indicated a storm or any change in the settled weather which had prevailed for some time. All the fishing boats had gone to the far haaf. Suddenly, a little after midnight, a fierce gale sprung up and raged with unwonted fury, increasing as the morning advanced, while the sea rose to a height most unusual at that season of the year. All the boats bore up for the land as soon as the storm broke on them; and during the early part of the day all reached the shore in safety, save one. She was known to be a good sea-boat, and was manned by a crew of the very best fishermen in the island; but as the hours crept on, and there was no appearance of her return, burning anxiety and suspense of wives, mothers, daughters, and neighbors were fast passing into the most dismal forebodings. I went out to a high promontory which overlooks a wide expanse of sea, and sentinels, as it were, the entrance to the landlocked bay where nestled the humble cottages of the fishermen. A crowd of distracted women, and of men scarcely less agitated, who had just themselves but narrowly escaped a watery grave—friends or neighbors of the missing ones—were gathered on the cliff, straining their eyes across the raging sea. It was a pitiful, harrowing sight. Who can describe the agony expressed in the firmly clasped hands, the fixed and tearless eye of one, the bowed form, convulsively rocking a little one in her lap, of another, the moan of breaking hearts, the wail of despair of others. "Oh, my man! my gude, kind man! I'll never see him more!" cried one. "Faether! faether! will ye never, never come back again?" exclaimed a blooming girl, whose cheek was blanched enough now. "My boy! my Willie! oh, the cruel, cruel sea!" moaned a poor widow whose only son was one of that boat's crew. And indeed it seemed to all of us but too probable that our worst fears would be realized. The storm continued unabated. The great waves were dashing against the rocks in angry fury, sending the spray right over us. Most of the men were sad and silent. Some of them were doing their best to keep alive the hope they too plainly did not themselves cherish. One suggested: "They have probably run a long way to seaward, and set their lines, and have staid perhaps rather too long in their endeavors to recover them before bearing up for the land; but no need as yet to fear the worst." Another said: "Perhaps they have run to some other island which they found easier of access." Another suggested: "They are very possibly waiting outside till the slack of the tide before attempting to cross the string."

I turned to a fine stalwart young fisherman who had often accompanied me on fishing and seal-hunting expeditions, and whose courage and steadiness and judgment I had not seldom proved in circumstances of difficulty and danger.

"What do *you* think?" I whispered, as I kept sweeping the horizon with my field-glass.

"I don't know what to think," he answered. "She was a good boat, and they were brave men and good seamen that manned her; but that is an awful sea to fight against. God be with them!"

"Was!" "were!" The words sent a chill to my heart. He was already speaking in the past tense of those for whom we looked and prayed. Suddenly he seized my arm as with a vise, while his keen gray eye, almost wild with intense but suppressed excitement, shot a glance across the waste of waters.

"There!" he said. "I thought I saw something *white* like a sail, not the sea-foam. Don't speak yet, or it will kill these poor souls. Give me your glass. Yes, yes; again I see it. Look!"—he shouted aloud now—"I see her, sure enough. They are coming right on, and going to cut the string too, I do believe: a bold venture, but awfully risky, for the tide is still strong."

A few minutes more and we could all see the gallant little boat driving along before the gale, now lifted high on the crest of a huge wave, now completely out of sight in the trough of the sea. On, on she came toward the string, which, though it had run off its greatest strength, looked ugly enough to make the stoutest heart quail. Little more than five minutes would be sufficient to carry her across; but every one knew perfectly well that the greatest danger of all was just there in the middle of that tideway. It was the crisis of her fate. Five minutes more and she would be in safety, or never reach the shore. On, on she came, now plainly in view of every one, and splendidly handled, as we could see; on, on, and buried her bows in the raging tide as a war-horse might charge an opposing rampart. We held our breath hard. No one moved; not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard but the rush and roar of wind and waves or the wild scream of a sea-mew overhead. A minute of intense suspense, and still she bravely battled on.

"Ha!" cried the young fisherman at my side, "what is that they are doing? I know, I know: they are casting out the livers; I can see the *lioom* on her track. Wisely thought of and well done. It is their only chance in yon tideway."

And so indeed it was. We could distinctly see the men with eager hands throwing out the crushed livers astern, to right, to left, all around, as though offering a propitiatory sacrifice to the sea-god; and the waves did not break on them then. A few minutes more, and then, amid tears of thankfulness and joy, "Safe! safe! thank God!" burst out on every side; and soon they reached the shore—those hardy fishermen—and were welcomed in a manner much easier to conceive than describe.

The skipper had never left his post at the helm for nine long hours, during which he had fought out his brave battle for life with rare skill and nerve and endurance. And now, when he stepped on the beach and took up his little boy in his arms and kissed him, I did not think there was any thing unmanly in the big tears which coursed down his brown cheek. A little afterward I said to him, "You have had a terrible day, and at one time we scarcely thought ever to see you again."

"Ay, terrible indeed," he replied; "and we should never have reached the shore through yon raging sea and tide if it hadna been our casting out the livers—*that* smoothed the sea, and, wi' God's blessing, saved us."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY.

Sunday,	9.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	16.—Sexagesima Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Monday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Wednesday,	26.—Ash-Wednesday.

Among the products of the multifarious activity of the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage is the Laymen's College of Brooklyn. The project of founding it was first suggested to him by an editorial in a religious weekly of this city. Consulting with its editors, he was urged to go forward, and without much money pledged for help, he opened the courses of instruction, and invited students. It was quickly found that a great want was met. The college has now passed out of his hands, and is under the charge of a board of trustees. Dr. Van Dyke, of the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Ingersoll, of the Reformed Church, Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of the Baptist Church, and Dr. Clark, of the Methodist Church, are the instructors. The Presbyterian church at the corner of Clinton and Amity streets has been rented, and will, it is thought, be purchased and made the permanent home of this school.

The activity of the laity of the Christian Church is one of the chief facts in the history of our century. Roman Catholicism, in workmen's clubs, journalists' clubs, lawyers' clubs, and associations of Catholic young men, is using this source of power as never before. The same activity of laymen is characteristic of Protestantism. Lay evangelism, to take one instance, has been utilized most successfully; it demands precisely such training schools as the "Brooklyn Lay College and Biblical Institute."

Speaker Alvord, of the Assembly of the State of New York, has so constituted the Committee on Internal Affairs, which has charge of the temperance question, as to give it a decided majority of temperance men. It is claimed that in its make-up the committee reflects the prevalent opinion of the House. If this be so, no relaxation of the present excise laws can be expected.

Henry Vincent, Chartist orator, lecturer, preacher, and advocate of the separation of the Church from the state, has passed away. He died at his home in London a few days only before the coming in of the new year. It seems strange to record it, but it is a fact, that he was imprisoned and dealt with as a felon two years for his advocacy of the cause of the common people of England. After his release in 1841 he devoted himself to the extension of the suffrage. His power as a popular orator was quickly recognized all over England. During his lifetime he visited the United States, where he was listened to with great interest. His career, which extended over half a century, resembled that of George Thompson, who has also lately died.

The debts of Archbishop Purcell are estimated to amount to $500,000. An assignment has been made by him of the diocesan and other property held in his name, to trustees. The whole is supposed to be worth $1,000,000. Bonds will be issued by the trustees on the security of this property. Much of the money intrusted to the bishop was invested in church buildings; there has been depreciation, and the inevitable end—bankruptcy—has come. In undertaking to be the banker of his people the bishop has assumed risks which have been too much for him.

The resignation by the Rev. Dr. W. Ives Budington of the charge of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, has been accepted. The acceptance was accompanied on the part of the congregation with the strongest expressions of esteem for their pastor. He was also made *pastor emeritus*, with a salary. Dr. Budington has seen this church, once on the outskirts of Brooklyn, grow to be one of the strongest in that city. A committee was appointed to select a successor.

The reported increase of Roman Catholics in England for 1878 is 39 priests and 38 churches. The total number of priests is now 2175; of churches, 1386; of bishops and archbishops, 21. In Scotland there are 6 bishops, 272 priests, and 264 churches.

The Anglican Bishop of Gibraltar went to Cyprus in December, and while there paid a visit to the Greek archbishop, at Nicosia, the capital. He was received with great cordiality, the bells of the Cathedral of St. John being rung as he ascended the stairs of the archiepiscopal residence. The letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury was presented to the Greek prelate, together with a document prepared and sent by the Pan-Anglican Synod. Offers were also made of assistance from England in the education of the Greek priests on the island. The archbishop expressed the hope that the friendly relations between the two Churches might be promoted by the presence of the English in Cyprus. He was himself anxious for a Church union. The offered help in education will be gladly received; both books and money are greatly needed. Only during the past fifteen years have the Greek Christians on the island had liberty to educate their children.

A change in the government of the Roman Catholic Church of the United States, which marks another step toward its complete organization among us, has been made by the Congregation of the Propaganda. Romanism here has been governed by the Vatican as a missionary jurisdiction. The change consists of a "more systematic procedure in the trial of ecclesiastical offenders." Each bishop is ordered to appoint a commission or council of three priests, versed in canon law, for the trial of charges against ecclesiastics. Under the system hitherto prevailing, which has been summary, complaints have been made of injustice, and appeals have frequently been carried to the Roman Curia.

After a long and stormy conflict, the government of the Canton of Geneva appears to be on the point of entirely separating the Church from the state. The bill for this purpose was brought before the Grand Council on December 21, and is styled a "Law for the Suppression of the Budget for Public Worship." Its points are: 1. No immovable property other than churches shall be held by religious bodies. 2. The clergy shall hereafter receive their pay neither from the state nor from the parishes. 3. The churches and parochial residences now standing are to be given over to the religious denomination which has a majority of members in the parish. The Cathedral Church of St. Peter, in Geneva, is excepted from this provision, and will remain the property of the city. 4. The Grand Council may authorize the religious orders to establish themselves in the canton. At present Geneva contains the State Church Protestants, the Free Church Protestants, Roman Catholics, Old Catholics, and Freethinkers. The bill has been referred by the Grand Council to a committee.

Cardinal Ferrieri has been made by the Pope Secretary of Briefs, to succeed the deceased Cardinal Asquini. The correspondent of the London *Standard* claims that all the great offices of the Vatican are now held by Liberals, and that this fact has greatly excited the Jesuit party. But then the *Standard* is bent on showing that Leo XIII. and the Jesuits are at variance—an assertion which has not yet been proved.

Cardinal Asquini had held the office of cardinal thirty-three years, having been appointed by Gregory XVI. His last office of Secretary of Briefs was given him in 1872 by Pius IX.

The re-organization of primary school education contemplated by the government of Belgium wholly omits religion. The communal authorities will decide whether religious instruction shall be allowed. According to the proposed law, it must in any case be given either before or after school-hours. The Liberal Association of Brussels have issued an address which goes even beyond the purpose of the new law. They say: "The commune, the province, and the state have no business with any dogmatic teaching. The priest can and should catechise in his church, and give his teaching to those alone who demand it; but it can not be permitted to the state to impose this teaching on any body, or even to lend the school-rooms to Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant ministers." The Belgian bishops have issued a pastoral condemning the proposed law.

The Church of Jesus, in Mexico, which is in form Episcopalian, has now over sixty congregations and three bishops elect—Messrs. Riley, Hernandez, and Valdespino. This Church is affiliated with the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, which through its Mexican Commission advises and to some extent directs operations. It seems probable that before very long the three bishops elect will receive consecration at the hands of the Protestant Episcopal bishops of the United States.

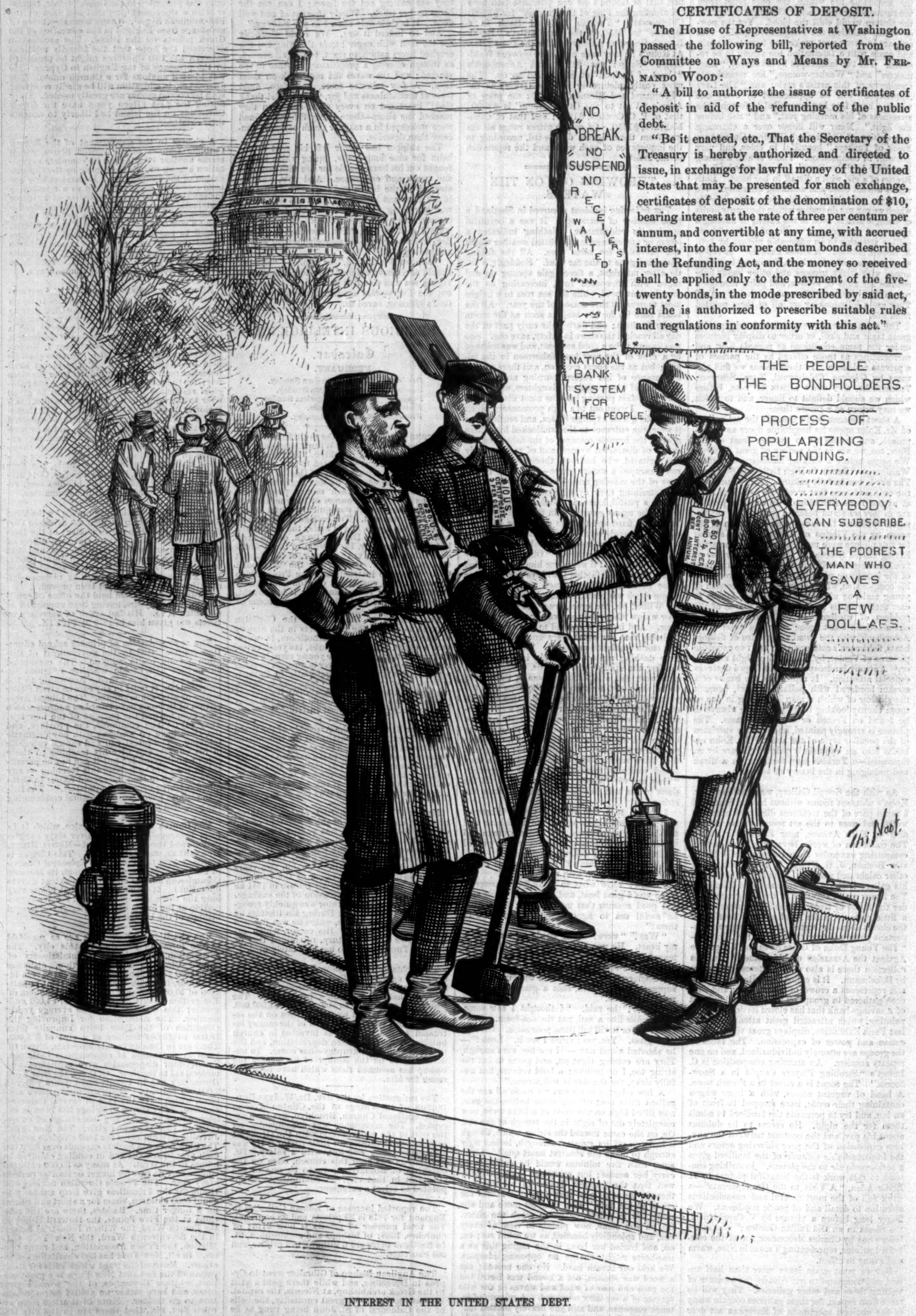
The charities of New York are as manifold as the forms of suffering in this city. The corporation, through the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, disburses $1,000,000 yearly, and controls twenty-seven institutions, in which there is a constant population of 10,000 persons. The Commissioners of Emigration took charge in 1877 of 54,000 emigrants; this was less than the average yearly number. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor helps annually from 10,000 to 13,000 families, at a cost of $35,000. There are in the city twenty hospitals, fifteen of them in possession of commodious buildings. Twenty-four dispensaries give medicines and medical aid to the poor. Of these, the New York Dispensary has in twenty-eight years relieved 2,000,000 patients. There are nine orphan asylums, which have the care of several thousand children. The House of Refuge has been in existence for fifty years, and has charge of an average of 1000 boys and girls. The New York Juvenile Asylum cares for 1400 children yearly. The Children's Aid Society expends over $200,000 each year in schools and in sending children to homes in the West. As many as 30,000 children come under its care for longer or shorter periods every year. The Female Guardian Society and Home for the Friendless give help annually to about 5000 children, some for a short and others for a longer time. Besides, there are the missions at the Five Points, the Howard Home in the Fourth Ward, the Wilson Industrial School in the Seventeenth Ward, the New York City Mission, the Prison Association, and many others. In all, New York has 300 charitable associations. Much of the want which calls for relief comes of the fact that New York is a great seaport, whither thousands of the world's poor come, and have either no ability or no inclination to go farther. More of it arises from another fact, viz., that there are in the city 9000 places where liquor is sold to be drunk on the premises.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT.

The House of Representatives at Washington passed the following bill, reported from the Committee on Ways and Means by Mr. FERNANDO WOOD:

"A bill to authorize the issue of certificates of deposit in aid of the refunding of the public debt.

"Be it enacted, etc., That the Secretary of the Treasury is hereby authorized and directed to issue, in exchange for lawful money of the United States that may be presented for such exchange, certificates of deposit of the denomination of $10, bearing interest at the rate of three per centum per annum, and convertible at any time, with accrued interest, into the four per centum bonds described in the Refunding Act, and the money so received shall be applied only to the payment of the five-twenty bonds, in the mode prescribed by said act, and he is authorized to prescribe suitable rules and regulations in conformity with this act."



INTEREST IN THE UNITED STATES DEBT.

NEW RECRUITS TO THE ARMY OF BLOATED BONDHOLDERS. "Let us hear no more about *wiping out the Public Debt as with a Sponge!*"

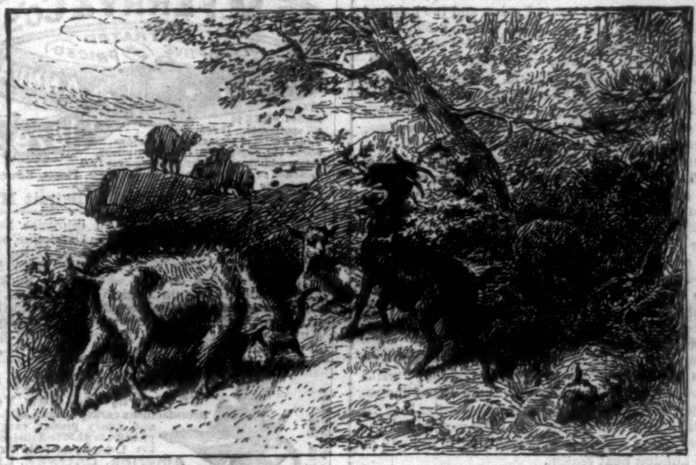
CAMBUS KENNETT ABBEY.—S. COLMAN.

NO THOROUGHFARE.—F. S. CHURCH.

PILOT-TOWN, FLORIDA.—R. S. GIFFORD.

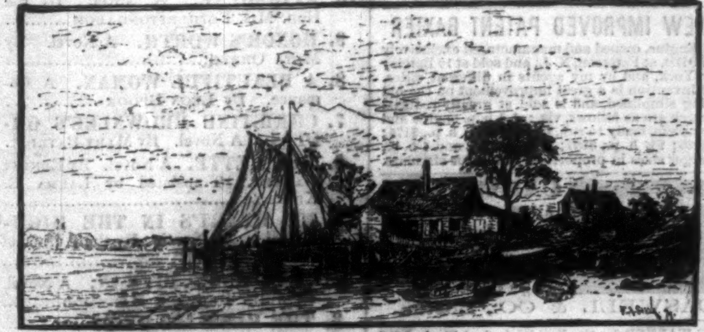
BUTTERNUT BEND.—J. D. SMILLIE.

THE LITTLE MERCHANT.—H. MUHRMAN.

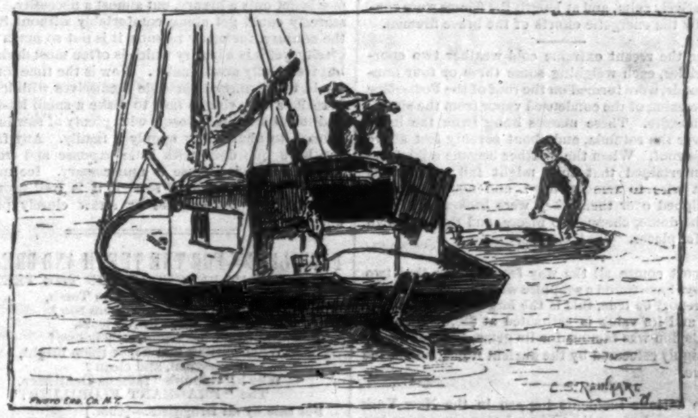


ON THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE.—F. O. C. DARLEY.

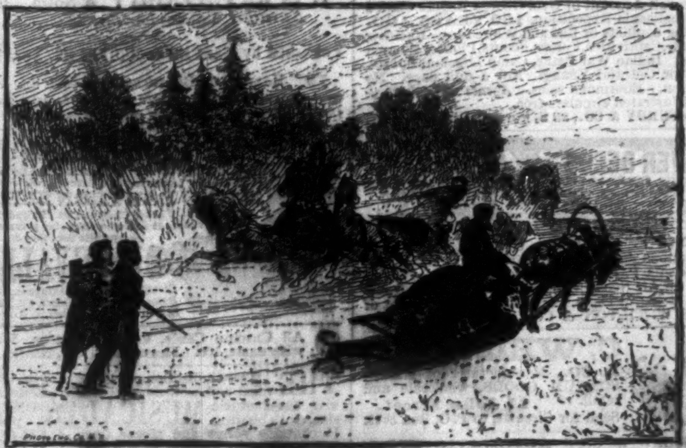
FRESH AIR.—WINSLOW HOMER.



A FISHERMAN'S HOME.—F. A. SILVA.



LONG ISLAND OYSTERMAN.—C. S. REINHART.



RETURN FROM THE HUNT.—I. P. PRANISHNIKOFF.

STUDY—GIRL AND BOAT.—A. T. BRICHER.

SKETCHES FROM PICTURES IN THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION, NEW YORK ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—[SEE PAGE 110.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IF there were any question in regard to the judicious expenditure of the contributions made to the New Orleans Howard Association during the prevalence of the yellow fever, all doubts must be dissipated by the simple, business-like report of the Association recently published in the New Orleans *Democrat*. The secretary, Mr. F. B. Southmayd, gives a clear account of the work of the Howards, their receipts and expenditure, during the epidemic, and mentions with great minuteness the details showing to what use they put the money confided to their care. As soon as all hope was over that the fever would be of short duration the Howard Association of New Orleans opened their doors for the relief of the destitute sick, and made public appeals for help. This was on August 17. Their appeal was promptly answered, and funds began to pour into their treasury. The following table of receipts more clearly than eloquent words shows how generous was the response to the call from New Orleans:

New York	$82,637 01
Philadelphia	29,862 40
Boston	26,704 29
Chicago	23,024 60
New Orleans	22,220 80
San Francisco	20,675 00
St. Louis	7,463 45
Brooklyn	3,816 00
Providence	3,025 00
Springfield, Massachusetts	3,050 00
Memphis	2,716 94
Portland, Oregon	2,500 00
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania	2,925 00
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	2,148 45
Indianapolis, Indiana	2,400 00
Washington, D. C	2,101 50
Hartford, Connecticut	1,861 50
Cincinnati	1,513 50
Savannah, Georgia	1,500 00
Buffalo, New York	1,500 00
Albany, New York	1,500 00
Columbus, Georgia	1,362 10
Louisville, Kentucky	1,275 00
Mobile, Alabama	1,146 30
Galveston, Texas	1,050 00
Richmond, Virginia	1,035 00
Charleston, South Carolina	503 48
Baltimore, Maryland	460 00
Other parts of our country	117,807 52
Liverpool and London	7,875 00
Paris and France	4,780 96
Havana	1,009 13
Total	$383,449 93

New Orleans was divided into twenty districts; the working force of the Association was 125 men, physicians and members, whose whole time was given to the sick and suffering. The total number of patients cared for by the Howards in New Orleans during the seventy-one days of the pestilence, from August 17 to October 26, was 22,244. This does not include all the cases occurring in the city, but only those cared for by the Howards. As some members only reported the first case in many families where there were several cases, the total probably did not fall short of 24,000, The number of cases attended outside the city was 11,750, making the whole number of patients tended by the Howards 35,750. In addition fully 60,000 destitute persons were relieved by them during the epidemic. The report gives in detail the uses to which all the money and supplies were put, the exact amounts expended for every thing, and to what purposes the balance remaining has been applied, showing plainly that the noble work of relief was well organized and judiciously managed.

Scarcely were the embers of the Broadway fire, near Grand Street, dead before another great conflagration occurred in a business centre. The scene of destruction was chiefly in Worth and Thomas streets, destroying several large wholesale dry-goods stores, involving a loss of property estimated at from $3,000,000 to $4,000,000. The flames spread with wonderful rapidity, and great fears were entertained lest a very general conflagration would occur. Fortunately the night was comparatively calm, and at length the flames were controlled by the energetic efforts of the brave firemen.

During the recent extreme cold weather two enormous icicles, each weighing some three or four hundred pounds, were formed on the roof of the Post-office by the freezing of the condensed vapor from the steam-escape nozzles. These masses hung from the inner walls over the rotunda, and about seventy feet above the glass roof. When the weather became mild, fears were entertained that they might fall; so it was thought wise to remove them, and nooses of rope were slipped over them, they were broken off, lifted upon the dome, chopped to pieces, and thrown down into safer places.

A report comes all the way from Ceylon that two little boys have found a sapphire weighing two pounds. If the report be true, this is the largest sapphire ever found, and its value is estimated at $50,000. In old times Ceylon was famous for its gems, and none were more highly esteemed by the ancient Romans than the sapphire.

Some curious incidents happen in the New York Post-office. A short time ago a letter came from Ireland addressed to "My Mother, New York, America." Of course it was supposed it must be sent to the dead-letter office; but on the day of its arrival a woman inquired at the general delivery window for a letter from "her son." The coincidence attracted the attention of the official in charge of the deciphering bureau. Inquiry showed that the son of the woman lived in the town whose name was postmarked on the letter. After various inquiries the letter was given to the woman, with the proviso that she should open it there; and it was found to be from her son, and designed for her.

The Cincinnati College of Music has organized a department of elocution, which is meeting with great success. About sixty pupils, varying in age from eight to forty years, commenced with the first quarter. The chief aim is to teach the pupils, particularly children, the physiological and artistic use of their respiratory and vocal organs.

Reports have been received of a great disaster which occurred near Philippopolis, Turkey. A railway train, on which were a large number of Russian troops, fell into the river Arda in consequence of the breaking of a bridge. It is stated that 200 men and several officers were drowned.

Foreign papers have much to say about the use of sulphur in diphtheria, and its remarkable efficacy. Perhaps its value is exaggerated; but have physicians in this country tried it? There seems to be a general impression that they have not. An English physician states that he has used milk of sulphur for infants, and flowers of sulphur for elder children and for adults, with much success. The sulphur was brought to a creamy consistence with glycerine, and he gave as a dose a tea-spoonful or more, according to age, three or four times a day, and made application of the mixture to the nostrils with a sponge.

A new postage-stamp has been ordered by the Post-office Department, to be used on letters not prepaid. Under the new regulation a letter not prepaid is sent to the postmaster at the office of its designation with this stamp upon it. The postmaster is then charged with the amount due, and must collect it from the person to whom it is addressed, on delivery. A similar stamp is ordered for letters delivered by carriers, who thus become responsible for the postage. This new arrangement should not make people less careful to prepay their letters.

Care and precaution in regard to exposure to contagion are widely different from excitement and alarm concerning prevailing diseases—just as different as wisdom is from folly. While there is reason to believe that the scarlet fever is diminishing in this city, precautions should not diminish. For the benefit of our readers we clip from the New York *Tribune* some directions about the treatment of scarlet fever which are worth remembering:

"This disease, like small-pox, must, as a rule, be communicated by direct contact with particles of the desquamated skin thrown off by the patient, or with some article of clothing which he has worn. It is possible to so isolate a patient and disinfect the air of the house that the disease may be promptly held and extinguished. A child attacked by it should be removed into a chamber from which the carpet and all other woolen articles have been removed. He and his attendant should be wholly separated from the rest of the family. When he is convalescent the apartment should be thoroughly disinfected, the paper on the walls removed, the ceiling washed, the bedding destroyed, and every article, however small, which can not be sacrificed, fumigated. The disease has been communicated by means of books or a piece of flannel after the lapse of a year. No doubt these precautions seem absurd to the busy matron who nurses her baby with the scarlet fever in the midst of a throng of other children and sympathizing neighbors. But they are surely preferable to the triumphant career of the disease through the whole household or street."

A Western school journal contains some excellent suggestions in regard to the influence upon the manners of pupils exerted by the "daily walk and conversation" of the teacher. It should always be remembered that the child is an unconscious copyist. An irritable and dictatorial tone of voice, and the habit of continual fault-finding, will often arouse a feeling of ill humor in a whole school. A command should never be given when a request will answer the purpose. Deserved commendation should be promptly and frankly given, showing the pupil that we are as ready to praise as to blame. Any courtesy of a child should be scrupulously acknowledged. At the proper time, necessary questions should be civilly answered. Denials should not be made more disagreeable by rudeness. The careful politeness of the teacher will meet with a generous return. Punctilious courtesy sweetens and refines school life as effectually as it does home life. Reproof should be dignified, free from ridicule and from injurious epithets. Urbanity on the part of a teacher implies no lack of discipline. Cheerful good order is as easily obtained as that sullen compliance with rule (while under the immediate eye of authority) which seeks every opportunity for outbreak at the removal of espionage.

During the month of December no less than 7000 turkeys were sent from Canada to London, "without," remarks the *Court Circular*, "the aid of the refrigerator, and they arrived in excellent order." This trade in turkeys has sprung into existence within the past two years, and it is expected that 50,000 will be sent to London next season.

People who live in large cities feel that ice in summer is not only a luxury, but almost a necessity. They scarcely could get along comfortably without it. In the country, for many reasons, it is not so much a necessity, yet it is a luxury which is often most desirable, but frequently unattainable. Now is the time for people in the country to provide themselves with ice. It is really a very simple task to make a small ice-house and to cut and pack closely with plenty of sawdust ice enough to abundantly supply a family. Any farmer can have this done with little expense and trouble. An expensive ice-house is unnecessary. Ice may be kept in any water-proof shed if it is well protected from the air by sawdust or straw closely packed about it.

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THE GREAT BEAUTIFIER OF THE TEETH.
What beautifies the human Teeth,
And what preserves them too?
And if discolored in the least,
Why! what restores their hue?
What purifies and keeps them bright,
And beautiful, and clean?
Why! "Gallup's" famous Dentifrice,
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"
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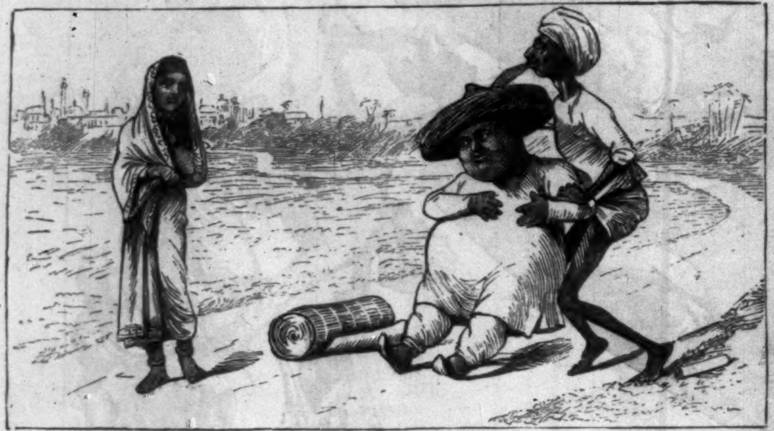


2. "ALL OF A ONCE A LOVELY MAID."

6. "MUGGAMA CHUDDEE KISSED A FEW."

A DOLEFUL TALE.

PART I.

LISTEN awhile, a tale I tell,
  List to a tale of sad disaster;
How the catastrophes befell
  Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Built in a shady grove divine,
  Close to a tank of weedy water,
Stands the big idol's holy shrine—
  Idol of hope and slaughter.

Shikkamy Shaster's form was stout,
  Shikkamy Shaster, lumpy, dumpy;
None had a piety more devout,
  None had a leg so stumpy.

Many a year his friend had been
  Billika Bucher, lengthy, lanky;
Never a funnier face was seen,
  Never a leg so lanky.

Saturday month, the two, arrayed,
  Went to the shrine to show devotion;
All of a once a lovely maid
  Gave them a strange emotion.

Billika Bucher chased her thence,
  Caught her, and, oh! would fain detain her;
Shikkamy Shaster showed more sense—
  Hear what he did to gain her:

Straight to the shady shrine he went,
  Folding his arms in true contrition,
Double his homely form he bent.
  This was his odd petition:

"Father, beside this holy place,
  Hear what a maid I saw before me.
Oh, such a face! Such easy grace
  Brought a queer feeling o'er me!

"Thick as a thunder-cloud her hair,
  Curved is her nose as curves a parrot's,
Round as a moon her face, and fair,
  Fair with a tinge of carrots;

"Soft as a doe gazelle's her eyes,
  Hands and her feet are trim and tender,
Neck like a dove's in shape and size,
  Waist as a panther, slender.

"Tell me, O Father!" thus he cried,
  "Father of hope and sportive slaughter—
Tell me with whom does she reside?
  Who can have such a daughter?"

Idol of idols answered: "Go—
  Go to her uncle, lone relation,
Make your salam. His name is Jo,
  Washing, his occupation.

"She with that uncle lives alone,
  Washerman, nunky, soapy, suddy.
This is the name by which she's known—
  Beautiful Muggama Chuddee."

Shikkamy Shaster made reply:
  "Father, if you demand a martyr,
Marry the girl to me, and I
  Promise my head in barter."

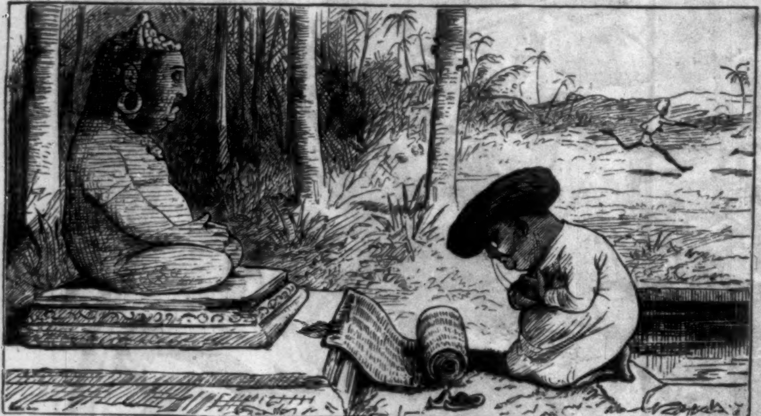
Often he bowed as thus he vowed;
  Suddenly moved the scarlet plaster;
Idol of idols howled aloud:
  "Done with you, Shikkamy Shaster!"

PART II.

Quickly a month had passed away—
  Pleasure had made it pass the faster;
Happy the man who claimed to-day
  Muggama Chuddee Shaster.

Shikkamy Shaster's wedding day!
  Never a day had shone so sunny.
Ready they stand to start away,
  Feeling a wee bit funny.

Bidding adieu to all she knew,
  Sadly to Jo, her ugly nunky,
Muggama Chuddee kissed a few;
  Shikkamy felt too funky.



3. "STRAIGHT TO THE SHADY SHRINE HE WENT."

7. "SHE WITH THE TAIL IS CHEERY."

4. "WASHERMAN, NUNKY, SOAPY, SUDDY."

8. "SHIKKAMY'S ASS WITH FEAR WAS WILD."

9. "Chopped off his Head, and tumbled."

10. "Billika Bucher took his leave."

Nobly the steed he sits astride,
  Billika next, and friendly peasants;
Merrily last of all the bride,
  Bringing the wedding presents.

Happily thus the miles they pass;
  Then, as they feel a wee bit weary,
Gayly the men bestride the ass;
  She with the tail is cheery.

Suddenly Shaster fills with fears—
  Surely he sees good cause to falter:
Straight in his only road appears
  Idol of idol's altar!

Idol of idols grimly smiled,
  Smiled with a face of scarlet plaster;
Shikkamy's ass with fear was wild,
  Wild his unwieldy master.

Pious he always was and good;
  Surely the vow was not forgotten!
No; for he felt the sheath of wood,
  Hoping the blade was rotten.

"Oh! what a sinful wight am I!
  Idol of idols, high and haughty,
How can I tell a fearful lie?
  How can I be so naughty?"

Thus in his mind he seemed to say;
  Then to his pair of glad companions:
"I to the idol wish to pray,
  Rest you beneath the banyans."

Grimly he grasped his shiny sword,
  Straight to the temple humbly stumbled,
Grimly the holy place adored,
  Chopped off his head, and tumbled.

After a while his wife, alarmed,
  Muggama Chuddee, face of fairies,
Said to her friend, "He can't be harmed;
  Terribly long his prayer is.

Billika Bucher, say I grieve;
  Run to the temple lightly, sprightly."
Billika Bucher took his leave,
  Bidding adieu politely.

11. "Dealt his Neck a blow so bloody."

12. "Ready she stood her Head to sever."

13. "'Muggama Chuddee, ask a Boon.'"

14. "This was his Answer: 'Take their Heads.'"

There she remained. But wond'ring, he,
  Ever intrepid, ever dreadless,
Found his old friend in pieces three—
  Bodiless, hatless, headless.

"Nobody could believe that he
  Could ever be so holy, lowly,
Thus to obey the god's decree,
  He! such a rolly-poly!

"Every soul will think I planned,
  Cruelly planned a bad transaction;
Better to die than bear the brand,
  Brand of an evil action."

Thus did he speak, his sabre drew,
  Dealt his neck a blow so bloody;
Such that he fell in pieces two,
  Calling to Muggama Chuddee.

Muggama Chuddee long had sat,
  Sat for a long, long while in wonder,
Wondering what the two were at,
  Vexed to be thus asunder.

Straight to the shrine she strode alone;
  There the sight doubly worked her wonder:
Billika Bucher fallen prone,
  Shikkamy Shaster under.

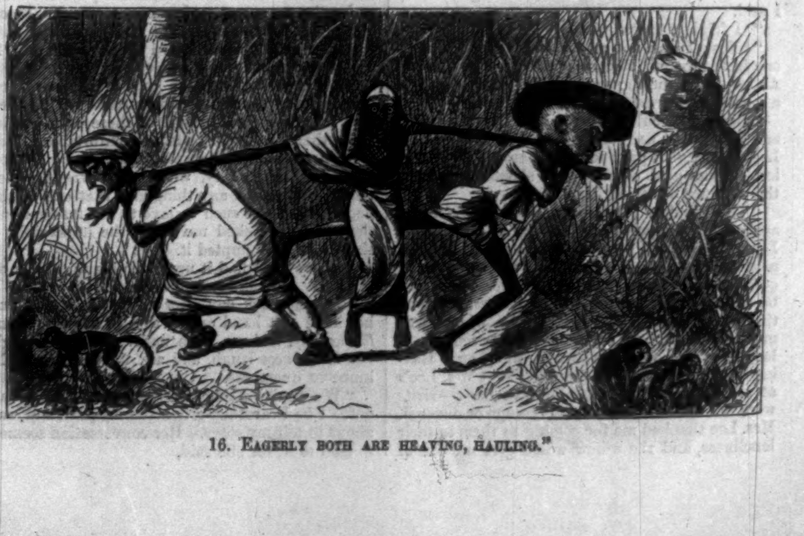
Sadly she heaved her sweetest sigh,
  Spake to herself in lovely languor:
"Every soul will think that I
  Slew them in hate or anger.

"Think of the female tongues let loose.
  Jimminy! what will they be saying?
Better than hear their bold abuse,
  Better myself be slaying."

Placing her neck the swords between,
  Ready she stood her head to sever.
Suddenly such a sight was seen,
  Such as afore was never.

Idol of idols, feared of men,
  Down from his holy seat descended,
Struck to the ground the swords, and then
  Highly the girl commended.

15 "'Don't you touch Muggama Chuddee.'"



16. "Eagerly both are heaving, hauling."